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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY

SAMUEL DOBELL,

CRANBROOK. KENT.

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TO THE FRIENDS,

WHOSE PATRONAGE

HAS LED TO THE PUBLICATION

OF THIS VOLUME,

IT IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is not mine to mount the Poet's car,
Rolling through Ether to Parnassus' height ;
It is not mine to tread the wide—the far—
And gather visions unperceived by sight.

It is not mine to trace ideal views
Of things, which genius easily combines ;
Nor can I call, to aid my humble Muse,
The scenes imaginative power defines.

It is not mine "the vasty deep" to trace,
And find the image of the inward thought ;
Nor can I soar through realms of boundless space,
Embodying phantoms in a form untaught.

It is not mine to strike the golden lyre—
Thrilling each bosom with each quiv'ring string ;
Nor can I feed the soul-transporting fire
Fann'd by the seraph's all-expanded wing.

Mine is the simple dictate of the heart,
That loves to raise a soft and lowly song ;
Ecstatic joy my lays cannot impart—
Let sympathy then waft my Muse along !

DOBELL'S

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

TO MY FIRST-BORN CHILD.

Child of my earliest love! the first-born pledge
Which from the Source of all existence came;
To seal to me the honour'd privilege,—
A husband's title and a father's name.

Thy infant days cast round a father's heart
The ties which pure affection loves to know;
Which to connubial bliss, new joys impart,
And bind with holy wreath the parent's brow.

With thee, new cares, new wishes, and new hopes arose;
A parent's duty is no trivial toil,—
To mark the channel as youth's spring o'erflows,
And guide the stream thro' wisdom's fruitful soil.

His offspring's weal, its pleasure, and its pain,
The keen solicitude of parents claim;
And he, neglectful, seeks but seeks in vain,
The blest endearment of a father's name.

My son! my son! in thee a father views
A trust, by heaven committed to his care;
Nor may he guiltless dare that trust abuse,—
Its due discharge shall be his daily prayer.

Art thou removed by life's vicissitude
From the close notice of a father's eye?
Seek not a father's counsel to elude,
Nor from the voice of admonition fly.

Though young thy mind, that mind has been impress'd
With sacred knowledge of a God on high,
Who claims the homage of a virtuous breast,
And views thy conduct with all-seeing eye.

Make Him the object of thy early love,
And let thy heart with grateful feelings beat;
With cheerful mind his sacred ways approve,
And seek his favour to direct thy feet.

Say, may my father's God alone, be mine;
And seek in Him, a father, guardian, friend!
Let thine own heart enclose a holy shrine,
Whence pure devotion's incense shall ascend.

And dost thou seek a character to find,
Where all that's lovely, dignified, and pure,
Shall stand a model for thine eye combined,
Thy constant imitation to secure?—

Such does the page of Christian truth reveal—
Jesus his name,—the best-belov'd of God—
Who always did his heavenly Father's will,
And the strait path of holy wisdom trod.

That page of truth, when time's due measured course,
Shall have expanded more thy mental powers,
Will prove, I fain would hope, the boundless source
Of high enjoyment for our social hours.

My son, in vain my roving thought would trace
A source of rapture to a parent's breast,—
To rival in my mind, the hallow'd place
Where that fond hope delights to take her rest.

There cannot be a bliss so pure, serene,
So godlike and exhaustless, in its spring,—
As that which parents feel in such a scene
Where reason soars on revelation's wing!

That page of truth unfolds the vast designs
Of infinite Intelligence and Love;
Th' historic record, with His glory shines,
Who rules supreme below, supreme above.

In contemplation of its faithful lines,
Tracing redeeming Mercy's wondrous plan;
Each pure affection with our reason joins
To bless that Grace, which yields such bliss to man.

But mark, my son! 'Tis not the prying eye,
Roving to gratify a fancy vain;
'Tis not an empty speculative cry,
Asking new lore to deck a phantom train;—

'Tis not the formal, dull and senseless task,
Which mis-named duty boasts her daily toil;
'Tis not the sceptic's all-delusive mask,
Who reads to laugh,—who gathers to despoil!

Not these can know the ever-valued truth
Which sacred wisdom's happy children own;
Guard, guard, my son! thine ear of artless youth,
Against the sounds which mock Religion's tone.

That Piety, which stands on knowledge built,
Alone can yield substantial, real joy;
That virtuous mind, which shuns the taint of guilt,
Alone finds peace which nought can e'er destroy.

If such thine opening character appear,
And such the aspirings of thy tender mind—
Then, from that holy page, thy mind shall bear
Wisdom's high prize to Virtue's sons assign'd.

If vice should tempt, with her alluring smile,
Leave not the path where Virtue bids thee tread;
For tho' the seeming joys awhile beguile,
When passion rules the heart, and reason's fled;—

And tho' at first, strict Virtue seem severe,
And few the flowers which decorate the scene—
Know that, at length, a prospect will appear,
To charm thine eye and yield thee joy serene:

While the gay path, where Vice with gaudy show
Leads her vain victims, ends in shame and pain;
She stamps disgrace, and seals a lasting woe
On every heart polluted with her stain!

O! then, my son, the narrow path approve,
Which ends in happiness without alloy;
And by this conduct prove thy filial love,—
A father's glory, and a mother's joy!

Let me here add a few hints in regard to the importance of studying the sacred Scriptures. It is no mark of respect to use, or peruse them, unless we endeavour to ascertain their meaning and wish to profit thereby. You cannot appreciate their importance without a correct knowledge of their nature and design. They encourage inquiry and check indolence,—they are the channel of wisdom, not wisdom itself—that must be bought at any price.

Scriptures—*writings;* the Bible—*the Book*; from the Greek word *biblos;* book of books, for the authors are many, and the subjects various.

We call them *sacred,* because they emanate from God, or have allusion to his divine dispensations; and because they were written to produce holy, pure and godly principles, with corresponding conduct.

We also call them Canonical, or Apocryphal; the former, when, having been tried by rules of criticism and laws of evidence, they appear to be genuine and

authentic; the latter, when, on being thus tested, they are found to be unworthy of entire credit.

The *received* Canon is what is generally used; the *true* canon only those, the genuineness of which is established on the fullest evidence. Here let me remind or inform you of a most important observation of Dr. Marsh, who remarks, "It is not less blamable to accept what is false, than to reject what is true; it is not less inconsistent with the principles of Religion, to ascribe the authority of Scripture to that which is not Scripture, than to refuse our acknowledgement when such authority exists. Nor should we forget that if we resolve, at all events, to retain what has no authority to support it, we remove, at once, the criterion which distinguishes truth from falsehood, and involve the spurious and the genuine in the same fate."

The *old* and *new* Testaments, 2 Cor. iii. 6, 14; that is, old and new *covenants;* (not what we mean by "Wills and Testaments;") the validity of such covenants was sealed by the death of a victim sacrificed—not by the death of either party. We mean the merciful interpositions of God under two of his divine dispensations—the Jewish, ratified by the death of various animals,—the Christian, by the death and resurrection of his beloved Son.

Look at these Scriptures; 1st. As *Historical.* They record the manifestations of Divine wisdom, goodness, power, and majesty. 2ndly. As *Prophetical.* They unfold the gracious and benevolent designs of God our Father. 3rd. As *Didactic;* and see the in-

struction imparted as to our Maker, our nature, our duty, our true interest, our present probationary state, our future destiny, and the firm foundation of our everlasting home. 4thly. As *Poetical.* Read the effusions of the poet of Israel—peruse the book of Job—look through various other portions of these writings, and judge whether any thing can be composed more sublime or more in the spirit of genuine devotional poetry: I cannot conceive of any thing !*

Peruse also, and compare, the various translations and editions of the Scriptures. My own pocket bible, Oxford edition of 1808, reads, John xv. 22, "*If I had come,*" instead of "If I had *not* come." Thus errors creep in. One of the early translators was severely punished by our then reigning monarch for omitting *not* in one of the "ten commandments."

Recollect that Christianity is, pre-eminently, a reasonable religion. I venture to assert that it is free and voluntary, simple and pure, mental and moral—progressive, yet permanent—improving and ennobling. It is intended for man's good; and reason decides it to be agreeable with the perfections and character of God.

An invisible being can be known only by revelation. A perfect being cannot require service or worship, for his own sake. A benevolent being cannot impose servile homage nor slavery. A wise, good and merciful being would direct and enjoin only a service agreeable with man's nature, and best calculated to yield him

* If I have any taste for poetry, I attribute it to a perusal of these poetical pieces.

happiness. Such is Christianity—a "reasonable service," or "a service truly rational."

Look at the objections made by disbelievers in the truths of Revelation and the Scriptures: but judge with candour. Their objections are as various as their characters and their modes of thinking. Truth requires this distinction: some doubt, some disbelieve, and others revile.*

It is said that Revelation is *unnecessary*, impossible, and absurd. Observe these objections, without cavil or pertinacity: I have done so; and have read Paine, Mirabeau, Voltaire, and other Deistical and Atheistical writers; but still they have not shaken my faith.

1st. It is *unnecessary*, it is said.—The Light of Nature is sufficient. What has Nature done? Has she taught a universal lesson to all colours and all climes on this our habitable globe? Has she unfolded the benign

* Perhaps the reader will not be offended with the following apostrophe.

O JESUS! thou honoured servant and son of Almighty God! Thou best instructor of the human race! Thou unrivalled pattern of all that is excellent, lovely, and dignified, in human character! Thou patient, meek, and resigned sufferer for man's eternal good! Thou graciously and gloriously rewarded Saviour of the world, whom "having not seen, we love; and in whom believing, we rejoice!" It is thee we profess to follow. May thy God and our God, thy Father and our Father, pardon every misconception of his revealed will. We desire to listen to thy teaching; we would strive to imitate thy example; and, like thee, devote our powers of body and mind to HIM. When THOU shalt judge the world in righteousness, we humbly, yet sincerely hope, that thou wilt not award to unconscious errors of the understanding, the guilt which attaches to the voluntary crimes of the heart!

and merciful designs of Nature's God, in all his dispensations? Has she given a rule of duty? Has she displayed a system of rational piety and devotion? Has she unfolded the pages of futurity? Socrates, Cicero, and Plato failed.

2ndly. It is *impossible*, it is affirmed. Why so? Look at the origin of mind itself—at tuition—at our youthful ideas—at sounds, or the emblems of sounds, which convey ideas to the mind, and trace the *formation* of our knowledge. I cannot think of any thing more wonderful, more impossible, abstractedly considered, than this well-experienced fact. Why, then, *limit* the power of God, when man requires the instruction thus imparted, and that, progressively, from age to age? To the infancy of Adam, God gave visible tokens—to the childhood of Moses, rites and ceremonies, as the schoolmaster;—and, under Christian manhood, a pure and spiritual devotion. Consider man's nature, circumstances, situation, and destiny. He is ignorant, and requires instruction; he is sensitive, and requires the guidance of his passions; he is moral, and must have principles of action; he is mortal, and a knowledge of his ultimate destiny must be deemed desirable. The adaptation of Revelation to these wants, is an argument in favour of its divine origin. Find a reason for the knowledge which the ancient Jews possessed, and for the sublime oration of Paul in the Areopagus at Athens, if Revelation be discarded.

3dly. It is said to be *absurd*. Miracles, it is affirmed, are beyond belief. The term is first defined, and then

the fact is ridiculed. Is it not arbitrarily defined? Are miracles a *violation* of the laws of Nature, or an extension of its general and usual laws on very peculiar occasions? In religious matters, miracles were not intended (as I think) to sanction the doctrine and confirm the precepts, but to support and establish the authority and mission of the Teacher. The laws of nature are only the agency of the Supreme. Mechanical laws may be resolved into divine wisdom and power. Miracles, in the grand scheme of Revelation, may be compared to the, apparently, wandering and eccentric, though still unerring, course of the comets in the system of our planetary hemisphere.

Now I will adduce a few evidences for thought and reflection. I have not intended a dissertation, in these remarks, but simply to suggest some points which I consider worthy of attention, as regards Christianity.

1st. The purity and perfection of its morals.

2nd. The character of its Founder and Promulgator.

3rd. Its views of the Divine character and dispensations.

4th. The history of its rise and spread, as recorded by Evangelists and other historians.

5th. The fulfilment of Prophecy,—as, witness the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jewish nation.

6th. I add, that, if the life, character, and conduct, of Jesus were a mere spurious production, and not founded upon facts, it would surpass every effort of genius—every flight of poetic imagination—every calm and deliberate study of human character—every delinea-

tion of local situation, scenery, temporary customs, common usages, and general Eastern decorum.

By whom, then, were these narratives written? To believe that they were written by unknown, and therefore unacknowledged authors, requires far stronger evidence than the Scriptures themselves require.

ADMONITION.

A PARAPHRASE. Joshua xxiv. Psl. xix. 1—3.

Children of Reason! On the high debate
Of things momentous, let your listening crowd,
To hear my last appeal, attentive wait;
'Tis the firm purpose which my soul has vow'd.
Behold the pillar, where yon aged oak
Its foliage o'er the sanctuary spreads;
Its everlasting record I invoke,
As a memento of our present deeds.

The rising sun proclaims, O glorious sight!
The matchless skill of Him, I call my God!
Whose pow'r condensed the pond'rous orb of light,
Ordain'd its course—then shed its beams abroad.
Day, *unto* each succeeding day, declares,
Intelligence conducts th' harmonious round;
Night, *to* succeeding night, instruction bears,
Gilding the track of its appointed bound.

Tho' in the music of the rolling spheres,
No song that's audible proclaims their laud,—
In their harmonious rectitude, appears
A nobler tribute, proferr'd to my God.
While these, obedient to their Maker's will,
Answer the purpose of his high decree,
They call on man, his duty to fulfil,
With mind unwavering, resolute, and free.

The path of rectitude, himself to tread,—
A homage cheerful, grateful, just, sincere;
And hand the lesson, in example read,
To the next age—Jehovah to revere!
Implanted in your minds, his love bestows
The powers of reason, to reflect and choose;
Those powers I urge, by all which Reason owes,
Their highest, freest exercise to use.

Ye saw the wonders of his mighty hand!
Ye felt the influence of Almighty God!
Ye heard the dictates of his high command!
Ye witness'd proofs of his correcting rod!
Say, will ye, from surrounding nations, draw
The pattern of your faith, your fear, your love,—
Make their unmeaning, useless rites, your law?
Their barbarous feasts and impious deeds approve?

Who is the God your hearts will now obey?
Whose providence shall henceforth be your trust?
Shall Moloch, Baalzebub, or Remphin sway?
The golden Calf, or Serpent of the dust?

Know, sons of Reason, my determin'd choice,—
Not to be shaken by vain pomp and show;
Or moved by Sophistry's beguiling voice,—
Or wounded by the Sceptic's artful blow.

Jehovah God my adoration claims;
His faithfulness my constant trust demands;
Repeated goodness, in unnumber'd names,
The monitor of love and duty stands.
His service is my solace and delight;
Here can my best affections ceaseless flow;
My reason soar aloft with heavenly flight,
And bear my hope above the scenes of woe.

Faith arms my soul against the scorner's frown,
The fear of man, the slavish dread of death,
The charms of pride, ambition, or renown,
Or worldly interest's envenom'd breath.
To Him I dedicate the powers he gave;
My lisping infants shall be taught his name,
That when they've borne me to my father's grave,
They, to their sons, the lesson may proclaim;—

That He, whose mind devis'd, — whose wisdom plann'd,—
Whose power created,—and whose care maintains
All nature's movements, with unerring hand,
Is God alone! Is He who ever reigns!
Who claims the reverence of the soul sincere;
The worship of the heart in love and truth;

Whose promise is, the humble soul to hear,—
Support the aged, and to guide the youth;
Whose watchful eye, no hypocrite can shun;
Whose matchless glory will no rival own;
Who is, and was, and ever will be—ONE!—
The ETERNAL, PERFECT MIND, and GOD ALONE!

FEMALE VIRTUES.

FIRST PART.

CELESTIAL Truth! inspire my humble lay!
While Wisdom's precepts, as approved by thee,
My Muse attempts to sing—and, to the Fair,
Her lessons of instruction pure convey.
O deign to shine upon thy suppliant's page,
With beams resplendent; that her lines may bear
Some ray of glory to illume the mind!
No trifling theme from Fancy's frenzied brain
Employs her tongue,—sacred the lay she sings—
Claiming regard and deference from all.

Ye daughters, then, incline th' attentive ear:
In softest accents Wisdom pleads,—to win
Your souls from thoughtlessness to pleasures pure.
Let her not plead in vain; her dictates kind
Flow from sincere and unaffected love;
Your happiness she seeks, and that alone!
From scenes where vanity, in glittering robes,

Leads folly to partake her transient mirth,
She would conduct you to her peaceful groves—
Where cheerfulness serene delights to dwell,
And gilds her pleasant paths with lasting bliss.

No pallid shroud of melancholy gloom,
No veil of wan despondency and grief,
Deforms the persons of her happy train;
Their robe is joy itself, wove in the loom
Of lovely Charity and Virtue pure!

Hear, then, her lips the tender caution give—
Beware the poison of the flatterer's cup;
Suspect a thorn beneath the glowing flower;
For "favour is deceitful," and may lead
To paths of sorrow, anguish, and despair.
Lured by the smiles which Flattery loves to wear,
Too oft, alas! has innocence itself
Fallen a victim to her baneful arts!
Guard, then, against the serpent's cunning plots;
Take the safe armour Wisdom doth provide,
And dwell in peace beneath her heavenly shield.

Again, she speaks, and let her voice be heard—
Boast not your beauty, or your youthful days;
"Beauty is vain," and but a vapour life.
Like the fair flower which views the morning sun,
And sheds its fragrance at the early dawn,
So may you bloom in all the pride of health;
But quickly may the tempest's cutting blast,

Despoil your beauty and your bloom destroy!
Learn, then, the heavenly art, to form *the mind*—
As *Beauty's self* imperishably fair!

Once more she speaks, and Promise seals her charge:
Praise shall be her reward who fears the LORD!
The fear of God enstamp'd upon the mind,
Is the beginning of her sacred course;—
A sure defence from Virtue's every foe!

Like a kind angel, with extended wings
Celestial Piety her banner spreads,—
Beneath whose shade Virtue in safety dwells.
Happy her heart, who hears and bows consent,
Who views with love the Parent of her joys,
Adores her greatness, and her mercy proves!

SECOND PART.

List, O ye daughters! Wisdom still demands
Th' attentive ear; not ended is my lay:
She asks your conduct as an answer true
To that demand, which claims a true reply,
"A virtuous woman, who can find her now"?
Many, my daughters, she exclaims, have trod
In Virtue's paths and pluck'd her fragrant flowers.
Their steps do ye pursue, and may ye them excel!
E'en as delicious fruit, when ripe, exceeds
The fragrant blossoms which the branches bear.
"Your works shall praise you," while your hearts rejoice

In the rich harvest of your virtuous care.
Know, know, my daughters, who my race begins,
Must persevere—and persevering, gains
The glorious prize, which at my goal is found;
A prize more precious than the ruby's worth,
Or topaz famed from Ethiopia's mine.
Then lend the candid and attentive ear,
While the soft graces which your sex adorn
My lays display and bid your hearts receive.
Have ye beheld the blushing morn suffuse
Its varied tints o'er nature's glorious scenes?
Have ye beheld the brilliant diamond's glare,
Or seen the valued ruby's roseate hue,
In the gay vesture of the rich and great?
There is a gem that decks the youthful breast,
Which glows with beauty and outvies their charms;
Which spreads a lustre o'er fair Virtue's cheeks,
And adds a grace, where graces bloom'd before;
An ornament divine—sweet Modesty its name!

O, have ye listen'd to the sage advice
Of him who wrote to fair Eunice's son?
My precepts he transcribed for your regard.
Though her "long hair" in circling ringlets flow,
(A woman's "glory" for her covering given,)
Though the soft pearl amid its plaits appear,
And Art combine her skill with Nature's gift;
Yet vain the glare of ornamental vest,
If sacred Modesty no charm inspire,
Nor Virtue reign within the female heart.

My daughters, cherish in your youthful breasts
This plant divine, whose finely moulded form
Checks the advance of rude licentiousness;
Whose fragrance proves to sacred innocence
A sure defence from its envenom'd breath.
The silent eloquence of Modesty
Shall stop its baneful tongue and rend its heart.
Grasp, then, the prize, ye Fair, and know its worth!

THIRD PART.

Still let me speak, and still incline your ear,
Nor deem my precepts harsh and unadvised.
Forth from my lips "right things" alone shall flow,
And Truth, important Truth, command my tongue.
If ye be wise, ye shall my joys possess,
Your own inheritance, which none can take:
But if contempt be seated in your heart,
And Wisdom's free advice be "laugh'd to scorn,"
'Tis "*you alone must bear*," 'tis you must feel,
The sad results of Folly's vain career.
"Hear, then, Instruction," and refuse it not!

Have ye beheld upon the verdant mead
The sportive lamb? or heard the harmless dove,
As through the shady grove ye bent your way?
And did they raise emotions in your breasts
More precious far than foolish mirth inspires—
Sensations sweet, that lead the mind to soar
High in the regions of devotion pure,

To praise that God whose character is love:
Did they not teach you that a virtue dwells,
Or ought to dwell, within the female breast
Mild as the lamb, and peaceful as the dove?—
A treasure great, esteem'd by man and God—
"*A meek and quiet spirit!*" Who shall name
Its price? What tongue can dare attempt
To fix its value, or describe its worth?

In female bosoms shall resentment dwell?
Shall malice and revenge their influence shed?
Shall anger ruffle, and shall wrath disturb,
Those hearts, where gentleness should ever reign?
It were a monster in creation's scenes,
The sad reverse of what your nature is.

From base servility as far remote
As from a captious spirit, *Meekness* stands;
A happy medium, a position bless'd;
Whence she beholds the evils of extremes,
And checks the influence which their manners spread.
Forth from her mouth her various precepts flow,
And on "her tongue the law of kindness hangs."
Thus can she conquer dire contention's power—
Soften the fury of the angry mind—
Dispel the rancour of malicious breasts—
And, like the morning dew, diffuse around
A cool serenity, that fills the mind
With placid pleasure and composed delight.

Know, then, my daughters, that a spirit meek,
Gentle, and quiet, is the female's grace.

FOURTH PART.

Nor cease I yet, since ye attentive hear;
For Meekness hath a friend that claims regard:
With cheerful heart I then resume the lay,
Display her beauties in their native charms,
Whose actions glow with lustre more divine
Than victor's laurels, or the monarch's bays.

Fair Sympathy! thy feelings do impart
To bosoms pliant as the soften'd wax,
Meet for impression's dye, a holy thrill
Of sweet enjoyment;—wakening all the springs
Of Pity, and so calling forth the fost'ring aid
Of soft Compassion and Benev'lence pure.

"She stretcheth out her hand," and joy illumes
The eye beclouded with corroding care;
The needy rise and bless the generous hand
Which soothes their sorrows and dispels their grief.
Where'er she treads a sacred influence reigns,
Or in the cottage—at affliction's couch—
Or 'midst the horrors of the prison's gloom;
No scene so drear, but comfort she inspires;
And none, save hearts unfeeling and debased,
But hail her presence and her absence mourn.

Ye have beheld amid the low'ring storm,
Th' enlivening sun peep forth and chase the gloom;
So, thro' the darken'd cloud of human woe,
Doth Sympathy shoot forth the genial rays
Of consolation to the wounded heart;
And in herself those bless'd emotions raise
Which throw a lustre o'er the tear-dimm'd cheek
Of lovely innocence—surpassing far
The amethyst and jasper's radiant glow.

And not alone, do softest virtues reign
In female breasts; for they can well display,
Sacred to Virtue's cause, the noblest spirit
And most ardent zeal. Their very deeds
Stand high in Fame's memorial, and the praise
So justly due. But not to acts heroic
Does the Muse now direct her eye; she leaves
The urgent impulse of an hour which calls
For lofty energy, and views that course
Which springs from principle, steady and pure.

Ah! who would lie upon the couch of Sloth—
Restless, repining, cheerless, and forlorn—
While Industry, with cheerful voice, invites
To her pursuits, and promises reward?
And is not Industry of greater worth
Than Idleness with all its cumb'rous train?
Does it not make the rolling hours run on
More cheerily, than sluggish souls can feel,
Who rise to loiter, and of time complain?

See where yon merchant vessel glides the main,
Rich with the treasures of a distant coast,
At once to benefit her native land,
And those, her owners: so doth Industry
Yield her rich blessings as her sure reward
To all who follow where her dictates lead.

And her twin-sister must be named,
A virtue of no mean, no passive kind;
It is a noble, animating power,
Strength'ning the arm and girding up the loins:
No parsimonious care with her presides—
As far removed from Avarice as from
Prodigality and mere outside glare.

What ample pleasures from her precepts flow!
Adorning female breasts with inward peace;
While all around, whose praise yields pure delight,
Rise up and bless her; and "no need of spoil"
The bosom agitates. Economy's
Rich wardrobe is her portion;—stor'd with care,
Manag'd with skill—and always at her call.
Order, Beneficence, and Usefulness,
Within the circle of her influence stand,
Like willing, cheerful handmaids. She can speak,
And swift they fly, at her command, to greet her.
Decorum sets a seal on all she does!
Envy's base glance receives its own reward,
And carping Care adds to its own disgrace.
Economy will crown Indústry's toil.

Thus Wisdom spake, with tenderness and love;
But not with Flattery's lure; for, sometimes, Truth
Must hold her language bold, if not severe.
Ye daughters, then, bow down th' attentive ear—
List to her precepts—ope the gentle breast
Her genial glow to feel, and look beyond
The scenes of Folly, to the blissful plains,
Where heaven-born Wisdom in full glory reigns!

PREPOSSESSION.

Various are the causes which give a bias to the opinions and a direction to the conduct of mankind.

Customs long established grow venerable by time and become sanctified by age. Man cleaves to them as the young tendrils of the ivy cleave to the mossy walls of the ancient building.

Great names and lofty titles stamp a value on the productions of the imagination, and give a bent to the habits, of those who admire them. Man bows to their authority as the lily bends to the current of the fully-swoln stream.

The argument of numbers increases in weight in proportion to their units, and models by its pressure the plastic materials of which the minds of the multitude are composed, — as the accumulating snow transforms the appearance of the shrub, or, drifted by

the gale, determines the path on which the traveller must walk.

But few, in comparison with the mass of mankind, are directed by reflection and guided by principle. Few attend to religious or other highly interesting subjects from a calm examination and conviction of their importance and value. Few have the determination to inquire into, or the courage to call in question, the foundation of the present prevailing systems—to examine the nature of the superstructure—to inspect the style of the architecture—and learn what gives them stability, or attracts the admiration of the passing spectator.

Yet the man who would not embrace error, because of its popularity, who would not reject truth because she may be despised, but who would welcome her wherever she may be found—must disregard the odium of singularity, the frown of the great, and the dogmas of the learned. He must enter the field with a candid, ingenuous, and honest mind, determined to seek the inestimable pearl, to buy the truth at any or every sacrifice, and not to sell it for "fear, favour, or affection," or even to escape death itself.

MAN'S DIGNITY; OR, THE RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE BRIEFLY ASSERTED.

"This feedom, which I call a perfection of my nature; this self-determination, the dignity of my species, the essence of my natural virtue; this I do not forfeit by becoming a Christian; this I retain, explained, confirmed, directed, assisted, by the regal grant of the Son of God."—ROBINSON.

No silver lyre is mine, nor harp well strung,
For sounds of melody and accents sweet;
Nor could I sweep its strings in due accord
With Theme, which modestly I love to chaunt,
Though it might claim th' Archangel's golden trump
Its truth to publish, and its worth confirm.
Nor can my muse beseech at Fiction's shrine,
Her aid bewitching; nor at throne of Faith,
By custom sanctified, a sanction claim
To grace her notes, or deem her creed divine.
In notes untutor'd, save by sacred Truth,
And unprotected, save her guardian wing,
I raise the song,—unworthy of the theme!
And man's high dignity, the sacred boon
Of Nature, Reason, and Religion, sing.

Far from the scenes where priestly arrogance
Usurps the throne infallible, and holds,
With daring impious, the iron rod
Of zeal unhallow'd,—where the fiery breath

Of Persecution blasts the swelling bud,
Enlighten'd Reason's fruit in embryo,
Scatt'ring around its diresome pestilence,—
Or Inquisition's cloven-foot treads down
The rising blade on free inquiry's soil
As deadly weed,—poison to faith implicit;—
Far from such scenes,—beneath the gentle reign
Of Britain's Sov'reign, where fair Science dwells
Shedding her beams of genial radiance,—
Where thou, bless'd spirit of my humble lay,
Brood'st o'er the human mind with fost'ring wing
And influence creative, there I rest;
Peaceful beneath the spreading fig-tree's shade,
Or tendril covert of luxuriant vine.

O Albion! far remote upon the sea!
Isle of the Gentiles! hither has the sound,
The joyful sound from trump of Jubilee,
Wing'd its glad notes. The lines on thee have fall'n
In pleasant places. Goodly heritage
Dost thou enjoy; bless'd with the light of life!
No rav'ning lion roams thy blissful realm
All-seeking to devour. If ought there be
Of spirit rancorous in BIGOT's soul,
It but expires its foul effluvia,
Itself alone tormenting; inj'ring none
Who breathe the air of liberty and love.
Like to *hyena* prison'd in its cage,
Safely beheld; which spends its foamy ire,
And shows its tusks, and gnaws its bars in vain.

Those days of woe are fled,—(for ever fled!
Is the fond hope of Christian Charity!)
When stalk'd the monster with his rav'nous jaw,
In light meridian,—shameless of guilt;
When, 'neath the garb of zeal for piety,
Hung the sharp gore-polluted poniard,—
When, on the altars mad devotion rear'd,
The human victim lay a sacrifice
Offer'd by priests—panting to shew their love
To God, Religion, and the souls of men,—
Reckoning, as a work of faith and love,
The death of *Heretic to creed absurd.**

Thou hast, within thy borders, many sons
Whose zeal is kindled by the holy coal
From Love's pnre altar; far the scatter'd rays
Diffuse their light,—and when embodied all,

* During the reign of Mary, whose laws "may seem, with Draco's, to be writ in blood, and so tyrannically followed, that within the compass of lesse than foure yeeres' continuance there died no lesse, for testimoniall of their conscience in this case, then two hundred seauenty and seauen persons, without regard of degree, sexe, or age. In the heate of whose flames were consumed fiue Bishops, one and twenty Divines, eight Gentlemen, eighty-four Artificers, one hundred husbandmen, seruants and labourers, twenty-six wiues, twenty widowes, nine virgins, two boyes, and two infants, one of them whipped to death by *Bp. Bonner*, and the other springing out of its mother's wombe from the stake as shee burned, was by the Sargeants throwne againe into the fire. Sixty-foure more were persecuted for their profession and faith, whereof seauen were whipped, sixteene perished in prison, and were buried in dunghils, many lay in captivity condemned, but were released, and saued by the happy entrance of peaceable Elizabeth, and many fled the land in those daies of distresse." John xvi. 2.—SPEED'S *Succession of England's Monarchs.*

In one full flame, transcendently convey
Refulgent glory to each distant clime.
Heed not, O Albion! the wily tongue
Of Priestcraft's sophistry, which oft proclaims
Th' alarm of danger to "the powers that be,"
When Conscience claims her liberty, and rears
Her standard high, invincible, supreme.
Baal's priests, astonished, saw the sacred flame*
Descend upon the altar Heav'n approved,—
Beheld its watery barrier kindle,—
Its stony basis melt,—and all dissolve
In holy incense. So shall Bigotry,
And Superstition vain, through all thy coasts,
O Albion! view the spread of Charity!
Her coals of fire shall melt the stubborn heart
Of *Prejudice,*—consume each threat'ning bar
To *Freedom's* triumph,—while the glowing flame
Of pure devotion lights the sacrifice
On altars of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Acknowledge all thy power derived from HIM,
Whom Conscience must adore; and bid thy sons
Yield him their homage *free and unconstrain'd.*
Extend thy hand, and welcome ev'ry name:
Tell them to pay to HIM the honours due,
And feel his service freedom perfect,
Who reigns the KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS!
This conduct, gen'rous, noble, wise, and just,
Thou need'st not fear; 'twill gather round thy Queen

* 1 Kings xviii. 38.

Her wisest, noblest subjects ;—ev'ry heart,
Drawn by the cords of love, shall proudly boast
The honour'd Sov'reign, whose impartial eye
Regards a people bless'd with equal rights,
With equal freedom, and with equal grace :
The pillars of whose throne, securely stand,
Immoveable ; cemented to their base,
By pure affection and a grateful love.

Ye temporizing, interested few,
Confess your ignorance of human hearts,
Who vainly think to prop up tyranny
With hypocrites and slaves ! Can he admire,
Esteem, obey, who feels his dignity,—
Where hateful arrogance, intolerant, claims
Unwarranted dominion o'er his mind,
Bidding him pierce his conscience with *a curse,*
And *self-condemn'd,* defy the living God ?
No, no ! ' Avaunt, Intolerance,' he cries,
' Thou fiend of darkness ! for " the powers that be,"
*Of God disposed,** were all " FOR GOOD" ordain'd ;

* *Disposed.* " So I render the word . . . . . thinking the *English* word *ordained* rather too strong. Divine Providence *arranges,* and in fact *establishes* the various Governments of the world ; they are therefore, under the character of Governments, in general to be revered : but this cannot make what is wrong and pernicious in any particular forms, sacred, divine, and immutable, any more than the hand of God in a *famine* or *pestilence* is an argument against seeking proper means to remove it.—DODDRIDGE, *Family Expositor.*

The Apostle speaks of Government, not of Governors. This is

And ne'er can shew *divine authority,*
When they infringe on *His prerogative,*
To whom the heart belongs. Think ye, that he
Who disregards his duty to his God,
Will serve, with faithfulness unyielding, man?
Would ye embrace as bosom-friend, or trust,
With confidence unshaken, one whose vest
Covers the heart of black hypocrisy?
Or, place your safety in the hand of slave,
Who crouches at your chariot-wheel, and smarts
Beneath the lash of cruelty? But know,
That when you forge the chains of servile fear,
And bend the body with the weight of pow'r,
'Tis slaves and hypocrites alone that bow.
Ne'er can you bind the free-born soul of man,
Which feels the spark of conscious privilege,
Its God to serve according to his will.'

O Albion! may thy rulers wisely judge!
Nor claim *a right* because with *pow'r* conjoin'd,
To persecute, and trample on the rights
Their fellow-men possess! O may they see,
That *equal freedom* draws in closer band
The social compact, and the country's weal!
Look through the annals of Commercial deeds,
And mark from times when Queen Elizabeth
To Flemish exiles her protection gave,

the true key of Romans xiii., and with this, the whole period, softly opens to the hand of a child.—ROBINSON.

(Fleeing before vile persecution's face,*)
E'en to the present day, and frankly own
The friends of Liberty no danger cause
To wise, and just, and gen'rous government.
View the memorial brief from Worsley's pen,†
And note the rise of manufacturing arts,
Ask who sustain the pride of Albion,
In the rich produce of her lab'ring sons,
And own that *Liberty of Conscience* forms
No basis of alarm to state; but gives,
At once, encouragement to persevere,
And roots a firm attachment to the throne.
See yonder merchant spread his flowing sail
Wide to the wind, leaving his native isle
For foreign shores. Say, shall his *conscience* change
With varying wind? Shall China view him
Bending the knee devout at shrine of *Fot?*
Or, on Hindostan's shores, shall Sol behold
His pious homage to a *Juggernaut?*
Ye shun the thought, who feel Religion's power

* "The Duke of Alva boasted, that by his means, in the *Netherlands*, thirty-six thousand were slain by the hand of the executioner only. And besides those, great numbers perished several other ways."—Goadby's *Illustration*, 2 Thess. ii.

† See "Observations on the State and Changes in the Presbyterian Societies of England during the last Half-century; also, on the Manufactures of Great Britain, which have been for the most part established and supported by the Protestant Dissenters; tending to illustrate the Importance of Religious Liberty and Free Inquiry to the Welfare and Prosperity of a People," &c. By Israel Worsley.

And justly own nor clime, nor earthly rule,
Should dare intrude where Conscience ought to sway.
Say, will the stores which now yon vessel bears
To Albion's coasts, require the holy hands
Of self-nam'd Orthodoxy to refine
Their *native essence?* or will *creed of faith*
Presented to *their owner*, tend to yield
More worth intrinsic; or confer more peace,
More glory, and secure defence to guard
Albion's safe government and lawful Head?

Farther, still farther, to the utmost verge
Of habitable globe, Time shall convey
This precious birth-right of all human kind.
The regions of the North shall clap their hands,
Exulting in the charter Heav'n bestows;
The South shall banish from its abject soul
Its mean supineness: every nerve shall feel
Invigorating influence, and the tone
Of new-born hope and liberty, inspire
A mental energy through all its frame.
The glorious orb of moral light shall speed
Round the whole earth his splendid course—from East
To farthest West, diffusing wide his beams—
Till ev'ry desert land shall stand array'd
In fragrant verdure—and the wilderness,
Water'd by streams from Wisdom's sacred fount,
Produce the healing leaf and living fruit,
Treasure of Nations—sacred antidote
For all the maladies mankind endure

From Superstition's poison, and the bane
Of a misguided zeal!

Return, O muse,
From high anticipation's pleasing views
To Faith's bright vision! and attempt t' explain
Thy charter'd title to the dignity
Claim'd as thine own; which elevates thy soul
Above the sway of sacerdotal pow'r,
Spurning its high controul, from consciousness
Of native freedom, not responsible
At human bar, where Conscience disapproves.

"Know then this truth," enough for you to know,
Whom love of pow'r hath led to dogmatize
O'er human minds, claiming *implicit faith*
To dogmas and credenda numberless,
That *all men* equal *stand on moral ground:*
No one can claim an elevated spot,
Nor 'bove his fellow-man, like Israel's King,
Lift high his head;* though Affluence spread around
His prosp'rous path her golden stores, or Fame
Sound forth his praise for Learning's valued lore.

Claim you a right to chain my free-born mind,
And bend my faith to suit your modell'd creed?
I ask for your authority,—the seal
Which proves your mission to dispense the laws

* Saul.

Of HIM, who reigns the ONLY POTENTATE!
Claim you this pow'r? 'Tis meet and right to show
Whence you received prerogative so great!
Does Nature give it? Then let Nature show
By her own index, these her *fav'rite* sons,
That we may know, by lofty countenance,
Or brow severe, or haughtiness of heart,
Or some deep mark engraven on the front
Of priestly features, who the murd'rers are
Of inward peace and conscious rectitude.
Is it bestow'd by Heav'n's Almighty Sire?
Shew your credentials! Call the liquid fire,
Swift to obey your mandate, on the head
Of deem'd Apostate,—bid the earthquake dire
Open her wide-extended jaw, and seize
The victims of your pow'r;—or give command
That darken'd eye-ball may delighted view
Nature's fair scenes,—or shatter'd frame restore
To healthful state, that men may clearly know,
By supernat'ral acts, your rightful claims,
And learn, with rev'rence, where to bow the knee.

Sure 'tis no sign of vanity or pride
To ask some proof, indisputably clear,
For such presumed superiority;
For he, who dares concede to fellow-man
The rights of Judge Divine, stands criminal,
Allowing usurpation impious,
Of Heav'n's tribunal and the throne of God.
And he, who dares exalt himself as *Lord*,

Stamping equality beneath the foot,
At once degrades his fellow-men, and lifts
An arm rebellious to the Lord supreme.
Conscience must disregard, save with contempt
And holy indignation, ev'ry act
Destructive of our equal privilege;
Or claim'd exemption from an equal law
Of moral nature, which to all extends.

From Reason's native energy derived,
The gift of judgment uncontrollable
By human force, substantiates my right
Your pow'r to question, when it interferes
With Conscience, and my duty to my God.
In the similitude of Him who spake,
And all things were, his creature man is formed;
With all the noble faculties endow'd,
To know *his* will, *his* statutes to obey.
The heart of man lies inaccessible
To earthly domination. Convictions
Rest not on Papal bulls and dogmas vain,
Nor can be stamp'd upon the human mind,
'Gainst light and knowledge, by an earthly hand.
Nor can the eye of fellow-man discern
The soul's recesses, and its secret faults.
The scales of human retribution, poised
E'en by the wisest judge, still fallible,
Tell not the weight of error in the mind,
Or ascertain, by nicest balancing
Th' amount of guilt to punishment exposed,

When outward conduct corresponds with all
A subject's duty and the social peace.
'Tis God alone, the Potentate supreme!
Or He, exalted by his sov'reign hand,
As Lord and Judge of all,—to whom belongs
The high prerogative the heart to search,
The secret reins to try, and measure out
Judgment proportion'd to the crimes of man!

Say ye, that Nature is depraved and fall'n?
Say ye, that Reason is a dubious guide,
An *ignis fatuus* of the human brain,
Bewild'ring man in error's stagnant marsh,
Where grows the bulrush *pride*, and where the mire
Of *self-deceit* involves the soul in woe?
Your words I doubt, yet were I to concede
Their truth, I still might ask from whence you sprang?
Is *yours* no common nature? Were *you* form'd
Of nobler earth and in a finer mould?
Or, is *your* reason a *celestial ray?*
Alas! in vain we seek perfection there,
Nor find *Infallibility* with *you!*

But there's a voice, from lips by Truth inspired,
Which bids my reason feel her dignity
As worthy of regard in this great cause.
It is Religion speaks; and loud proclaims
My duty—"*reasonable service;*" yes!
My God invites to holy conference
The creatures he has form'd;—"*Come, let us now*

*Together reason,"** saith the living God.
Jesus, my Lord, requires that I should judge
With "*righteous judgment;*"† yea, and of myself
To judge THAT WHICH IS RIGHT:‡ and shall I not,
Like those ingenuous, noble souls,§ who tried
E'en Truth itself, exert each pow'r of mind
To search for Truth? Or shall I basely fear
The frown of priests, and shrink from duty's call?
Religion! O forbid the dastard thought!
Unworthy of a place within thy courts
Should I appear, thus to degrade thy name,
Thy nature thus pervert, and thus contemn
Thy sacred, high behest: thine awful threats
Would justly hang upon my guilty head,
While shame, and "*fearful looking-for*" of woe,
Would be my hapless lot!

Religion claims
My own obedience to her high behest,
Nor *proxy* will admit in faith nor deed.
To *individual* conscience, heart and mind,
She her appeal directs; her first, great claim
Demanding *personal* regard, with all
My soul, my heart, and mind, and strength.
And shall I dare rebel against her laws?
Or vainly think, by light of others' lamps,
To find the path to Heav'n,—admission gain?
Deceitful thought! No pow'r on earth retains

* Isaiah i. 18. † John vii. 24.
‡ Luke xii. 57. § Acts xvii. 11.

The keys of paradise; nor can secure
The hypocrite a place at God's right hand.
Shall I delude myself with hopes of bliss,
Yielding my conscience to a claim usurp'd?
Or think, that evangelic faith is mine,
Because I bow a vot'ry at the shrine
Deem'd orthodox?* Or shall I place my trust
In others' virtues, as my act and deed,
And think Immortal Life secured to me?
Be not deceived, my soul! Th' All-seeing God
Cannot be mock'd; nor will he e'er accept
A sacrifice polluted with deceit,
Or homage offer'd by a will constrain'd.
Then let thy off'ring be a willing mind,—
Thy homage springing from a heart of love,—
Thy duty thy delight;—His law thy choice,—
And welcome pure Religion's gentle yoke;
Her burthen on thy shoulders place
Of elevated rank, noble and free:
Be this thy conduct,—this thy dignity.
This is Religion's claim,—this her reward:
A cheerful heart and willing mind alone,
Her favours can enjoy!

Let earthly pow'r
An awful distance keep, nor dare profane,
By arbitrary touch, the sacred ark!

* "How many doctrines are essential to Salvation, seems to be exactly such a question as, How much food is essential to animal life?"
ROBINSON.

For each attempt, its dogmas to impose
As rule of duty,* Conscience must reject;
For duty, flowing from a law of force,
Destroys the voluntary choice of man.
Let earthly rulers hold their lawful sway
In state and civil life; each subject's peace,
His safety and his happiness to guard.
Their watchful eye encroachment may detect
On general privilege and social good:
Raised to authority, by one consent,
Their arm may bring the culprit to their bar,
Who dares disturb the public weal, or strives
To violate his fellow-subjects' rights.
But on Religion's holy ground, no foot
Its sandal can retain, printing the mould
With *mark superior*,—all are equal there,
The Monarch and the Slave! No earthly throne
Exerts its just controul, when it attempts
Pow'r to display in pure Religion's cause,
Which needs nor praise, nor punishment, by man.
"*Not of this world*," that kingdom stands secure,
Which through all climes extends its glorious rule,
Regardless of the plans pursued by man,
Whose mode of civil government may change
With diff'rent clime,—nor strength derives,
Though human interference should decree
This mode of worship, or that form of faith.
But shunning union with the civil pow'r,
It leaves the Conscience free to choose and act,—

* Isaiah xxix. 13, 14; Matt. xv. 9.

Unawed by penalties, and uncompell'd
By terror's frown, or wealth or flatt'ry's smile.
Know, then, the sphere, in which ye ought to move,
Ye Judges of the earth! nor dare invade
Heav'n's own dominion; if ye own the truth,
The truth divine of Christianity,
Fear to offend her laws; and leaving all
The varied questions of religious faith,
Attend, like Gallio,* to your *civil trust.*
Reflect, how much Religion's friends deplore,
That e'er mistaken zeal, or worldly pride,
Should blend her doctrines with the laws of State,
And mingle with her plain and simple form,
The meretricious ornaments of man!
Does not the *Sceptic* raise his strongest doubts
On Superstition's base; and, led to view
Religion's features through her false attire,
Reject her native comeliness, divine?
O let her not receive her deepest wound
Amidst her friends profess'd; but nobly yield
Yourselves her willing servants, not her *lords.*
Prove that the principle of sacred fear
Which rules the Christian's heart, inspires *your* breasts,
By being ready to resign the pomp
Of worldly grandeur and exalted rank,
Rather than violate *the rights of man.*

There is a bar,—the awful bar of Heav'n!
Where King and subject both must stand arraign'd;

* Acts xviii. 12—16.

Where fiery zealot and the martyr'd saint,—
Th' oppressor and the victim of his power,—
The priestly tyrant and true freedom's son,—
Must render due account of ev'ry deed,
Each for himself, before the Judge of all.
And there must I appear,—my character
Of moral good, or ill, meet its desert!
No feign'd excuse, no artful subterfuge,
Of others' virtues, or of others' faith,
Will there secure a bless'd reward for me.
My individual soul must there endure
The righteous scrutiny, and in itself
Answer for ev'ry crime; the talent giv'n,
Neglected, or improved, must be restored.
Nor will the mantle of implicit faith,
Nor passive duty to the will of man,
My punishment avert—my guilt conceal.

Religion now bestows her gifts divine,
My reason, conscience, conduct, to direct;
Gives me *to choose*——her God alone to serve,
With promise of reward; or *to reject*
His rightful sway, and feel his righteous rod.
Then let me choose,—though Bigots rave and frown,
Though Priests anathemas unnumber'd hurl,—
The path which leads to happiness and peace,
Which Conscience dictates, and which God approves.

In that dread day, ye tyrants of the mind,
Ye will not justify my ways, nor bear

My individual doom;—your own deep crimes
Sufficient of themselves! Cease, then, to bind
The heavy burthen of your penal laws
On human minds, and leave the Conscience free,—
While man his highest dignity enjoys—
The child of Reason and a son of God!

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

"In this world ye shall have tribulation," was the warning of the affectionate Jesus, the Great Forerunner of the Christian.

The path of life is strewed with thorns and flowers; its scenes are checquered with the lowering cloud and the pleasing sunshine; its prospects are varied with the storm of sorrow and the bow of hope: no permanent serenity dwells in the horizon,—no constant purity resides in the atmosphere,—no soft and ever even road leads to the journey's end.

The present life is a state of mingled pain and pleasure, adversity and prosperity, sorrow and joy, fear and hope. Sometimes the Pilgrim meets with the open door of hospitality—the hand of friendship—the smile of benevolence—the intercourse of a brother traveller; at other times he wanders disregarded—eats of the bread of adversity—drinks the water of affliction—and reclines his head on the cold stone of contempt.

Sometimes he is exalted and abounds; at other times

he is abased and suffers need: now the gales of prosperity waft pleasures in abundance; to-morrow's sun rises in a mist and sets in gloom. Yesterday he roamed over the barren heath and rugged mountain; to-day he is surrounded with plenty, and resides in the mansion of peaceful enjoyment. At one period, he says, "my soul is weary of life—I cannot sing in a strange land;" but at another season he exclaims, "I will sing of thy mercy, O God! Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage."

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. DITCH,

The much-respected wife of Mr. Thomas Ditch, of Cranbrook, Kent; by whom she was found a corpse by his side, on the morning of the 26th October, 1839, with a countenance as serene as in the most balmy sleep.

Death comes to all, or soon or late,
Not wing'd by chance, nor arm'd by fate;
A wise unerring Mind ordains
Our length of life, our end of pains.
At midnight hour, or blazing noon,
Or sun's decline, or waning moon;
Fraught with disease, or direful pangs,
The conflict hard with Death's dire fangs;
Or calm, serene, unfelt, unknown,
He claims his victim as his own;
Sheds o'er the features calm repose,
Which, undisturb'd by struggling throes,

Lie like the sleep of balmy rest,
By Hope's fair visions cheer'd and blest.

This happy lot was thine; to meet
The messenger on pinions fleet;
Thine, whose departure we deplore,
Since we shall see thy face no more;
Thine, whose high gains our sorrows calm,
And soothe our hearts with sacred balm.
Hope whispers through the gloomy scene,
And tells of joys, all bright, serene;
In that pure realm of endless day,
Where saints shall join the sacred lay;
And chaunt the all-adoring hymn,
With Cherubim and Seraphim:
Where kindred minds shall ever dwell
To sing thy name, Immanuel!
To live in blest communion, where
No sorrow comes, nor anxious care;
Where separation is unknown,
All girt with one celestial zone!

Matron, our tears must freely flow,
'Twas thine to soothe the couch of woe;
'Twas thine the feeling help to lend,
And prove the suff'rer's generous friend;
'Twas thine, where'er disease and pain,
Or Poverty's heart-rending reign,
Prevail'd,—the anguish to assuage
Of suffering youth, or helpless age.

Now, thou art gone—for ever fled—
Number'd with all the pious dead:
May Heaven, in mercy, fill thy place
With one all-kind, adorn'd with grace,
Thy life to copy, and thy death to die—
The happy prelude to Eternity!

Survivors! Husband, Children, Friends,
List to the Teacher Mercy sends.
Let pure Religion's hope inspire,
And kindle in your breasts the fire
Whose holy warmth, and genial power,
Gladden the heart when prospects lower;
And forms the glorious bow divine,
Where Heaven's all-gracious blessings shine!

ON REASON.

The gift of Reason is to be numbered amongst "the good and perfect gifts" of God. It is "His inspiration which giveth unto man understanding" and makes him pre-eminent among the creatures of God's power.

Reason is sometimes called, a ray of divine light. Doubtless, from God it is derived, and by Him preserved. Hence we ought never to depreciate so exalted, so invaluable, a boon.

To be deprived of this faculty is one of the greatest

calamities which can befal a human being; and yet many, under the mistaken idea of exalting Revelation, seem to speak contemptuously of that gift, without which, Revelation itself would be useless.

Let me ever regard it as one of the precious gifts descending from "the Father of Lights," which demands my gratitude and due appreciation! But while I exult in this enjoyment, let me not mistake its province, and exalt it as superior to the boon of Revelation! Reason, however good and perfect, is an insufficient guide without the assisting light of Divine Truth. Reason may be regarded as the eye of the mind, but Revelation is the sun which illuminates the scenes of human life, and sends forth rays of comfort, hope, and happiness, to cheer and bless its paths.

RETROSPECTION.

Scene of my youthful days! to memory dear!
Once more I visit thy sequester'd vale
Which oft I trod, and felt thy beauties cheer
The heart, oppress'd with fiction's moving tale.

Ah! little dreamt I of the cloudy sky
Which o'er my path would cast the dreary shade;
That, as on light'ning's wing my bliss would fly,
And every flower of hope's creation fade!

Image of earlier life ! one moment stay,
Since the original has bid adieu ;
Let me thy form, with careful eye survey,
And summon up thy varied joys anew.

No earth-born cares my cheerful heart oppress'd ;
No cold disdain mine eyes with sorrow fill'd ;
No faithless friend had pierced my guileless breast ,
No base suspicion had my bosom chill'd :

My days and hours pass'd gaily, as the bark
Cuts the smooth current of the flowing tide—
Fann'd by the breeze—and leaves no furrow'd mark
Of agitated billows to subside.

Around my head the smile of Friendship glow'd ;
Her finger beckon'd on my willing feet ;
Beside my path the stream of comfort flow'd,
And home adorn'd my couch with visions sweet.

But thou art gone ! well, I have call'd thee mine ;
Kind Heaven bestow'd thee as its early boon—
And Heaven recall'd thee,—let me not repine,
That thou art vanish'd from my sight so soon !

A day will come, in which the glorious sun
Shall shine serenely on the virtuous mind ;
When time's full glass of human trial has run,
And death his sway o'er mortal dust resign'd.

Then every tear and every woe shall cease,—
Each gloomy scene beheld, enhance the joy
Which, ever felt, shall ever still increase,—
Which nought can injure—nought will e'er destroy.

THE INFANT'S DEATH.

Let sickness blast, and death devour,—
If heaven shall recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,—
If firm THE WORD OF GOD remains. WESLEY.

Dedication to the former Edition.

TO MY SURVIVING SON.

ALBERT! to thee, I dedicate these lays,—
The consolation of my anxious breast,
In many a mournful hour,—
When I have sought the tranquil rest
Of sweet Reflection's bower;
Or spread my bosom to the cheering rays
Of Hope's celestial power.
I sang thy brother's death with pensive heart;
But nature loves the influence of song
Be it in joy or grief;
She feels its sweet relief
To the full soul,—or pain'd with sorrow's smart,
Or anxious till its ownfelt joys impart
The bliss to others, and the dear delight prolong.

And I would hope that, from the page,
Should heaven preserve thy blooming age,
Thy mind may some instruction draw,
To guide thy feet in virtue's way,—
To see how wisely form'd is every law
Which God enjoins his creatures to obey.
Let virtue be thy choice; she will preserve
Thy feet from many a hurtful snare;
Her prize, the object of thy aim select,—
It will repay thine every care.
Thou still art spared,—though to thy father's breast
Seldom he clasps thee!
Ah! bitter is the cup his lot has fill'd,
That time thus grasps thee
In distance from his smiles; but 'tis the best
That circumstance allows, and he must yield,
With grateful feeling for that kindness shown,
By friends who love thee; still thou art my own!
And should a brighter scene once more appear,
And drear adversity her steps retrace;
Thy presence shall our mutual bosoms cheer,
And every vestige of my grief efface.

It was a lovely babe; and not alone
The parent's partial eye beheld its charms,
And yielded admiration; but it drew,
From bosoms unallied, the willing boon
Of sympathetic love. The beauteous form
Of cherub-likeness, or the rose-tinged tint

Which sometimes plays upon the downy cheek
Of Innocence, and captivates the eye,—
Graced not his countenance ;—save when the flush
Of life's destroying angel gave new charms :
But *his* were beauties, which disease in vain
Might wish to spoil ; they flourish'd midst her pains
In brighter colours and in lovelier forms.
The moulding hand of nature had enstamp'd
Each soften'd feeling,—from that playful love,
Which seeks in artless smiles the parent's breast,
To calm serenity and quietness.
Upon his brow,—smooth as the ivory—
As alabaster fair,—impatience form'd
No mournful furrow ;—peevishness no frown :
Not resignation's self, on virtue's mind,
Could beam with milder influence, than shone
The star of meekness o'er the peaceful frame
Of infancy immaculately pure.

Health smiled upon his earlier days, and plumed
The wing of hope, which bore our frequent thought
To distant years,—with visionary joy,
Hailing the time, when reason's bud should bloom
With virtue's fragrance, as the jasmine sweet,
Or violet's odour, and with tint as pure.
But He, from whom the germ of being came,
Ordained eternity his future years,
With its celestial foliage, should clothe ;—
Not fragile as the lily's tender leaves,
Nor fading as the rose's lovely dress,

But like the stem of life,— perennial.
In immortality's fair paradise,
Planted and nurtured by a hand divine,
The stem shall flourish,—free from every blast,—
From every noxious vapour which annoys
Mortality's domain ;—securely free
From earth's vicissitudes and human woes.

The messenger of Death his summons gave
In soften'd accents and with smiles of love ;
As if revealing the consoling truths—
That no afflictions from the dust arise,—
That fate nor chance, the parent is of grief,—
That anger deals not sorrow's bitter lot ;
But all from mercy's spring in mercy flows.*

* The dispensations of divine Providence, are in many instances dark to the human view, and unfathomable by the finite mind of man. Without the knowledge which Revelation imparts of the wisdom, goodness, and government, of God, the events of this changing state would appear the violation of all order, the destruction of human felicity. Uncertainty and perplexity would overwhelm the feelings, the pursuits, and even the very existence, of mankind. To see adversity hovering around the dwelling of humble piety, while prosperity attends the path where virtue never treads,—where godliness never imprints her footsteps ;—to see the helpless victim of disease dragging on the load of life, encumbered with its pains, while the strong, the useful, and the healthy, fall the subjects of a sudden death ;—to see the hoary-headed sinner travelling in his guilty career, and with his increasing sins, increase the number of his days, while infancy, innocence, and youth, are speedily removed from the land of the living ;—to see a Job suffering under the misery of disease and the upbraiding of the proud, while a Bildad and a Zophar exult in a boasted feli-

We saw declining strength unnerve the frame,
And langour's opiate o'er his sparkling eye
Diffuse its drowsy power; dispelling all
Fore-tasted pleasure; now no longer felt:
But yet no sigh—no agonizing shriek
Proclaim'd death's inroad: till at length his steps
Reach'd life's mysterious laboratory;
The quicken'd pulse and respiration short
Now gave the signal of his visit here,
And call'd, alternately, our hopes and fears
To watch, with anxious care, his secret march.
A father's love I felt:—the mother's breast
Beat with emotions but to mothers known.
The live-long nights—the hours of pasing days,
Claim'd at our hands the keen solicitude
Which parents feel, who feel a parent's love;
Which, save exhausted nature's weariness,
Yields a refined delight to anxious toil.

city,—would all present to us a scene where impiety would appear the chief good, and the greatest virtue the greatest evil: we should be ready to doubt the existence and superintendence of a God, and bow our heads to the caprice of chance, or the arbitrary decrees of fate.

The Psalmist in the 73d. Psalm, gives us the real experience of the heart, and the genuine workings of the mind under such a view of things; the thought was too painful for him, until he "went into the sanctuary of God;" then he was convinced of the ultimate superiority of virtue, and breaks forth in grateful exclamation, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory." It is Revelation only which can undraw the veil, and present a God of order, justice, impartiality, and benevolence, seated on the throne of power.

His every look, directed from an eye
Bright with affection—every tender grasp,
Aim'd at the hand he knew—spake gratitude,—
And more than recompensed our every care.
He *look'd* solicitation, when the thirst
Of nature's feelings ask'd the quenching juice;
Maturity, which *knows* the healing power
The bitter draught possesses, ne'er received
The potion, with a will more calm than his:
Nor tear, nor sigh, nor boisterous passion's frown,
Disturb'd his meek composure; though his lip,
When grateful flavour met his longing taste,
Told his approving choice.

We watch'd his couch,
Sipping hope's cordial to allay our fear;
Nor thought that death could, in so sweet a form,
Our wishes frustrate, and our hopes destroy.
But the dread king aside his terrors laid,—
Exchanged his ghastly air, and took the robe
Of beauty and the smile of peace; his wand
Over life's vital current gently waved,
(When the closed eye had sought the rest of sleep,)
And chill'd the stream; it ceased to flow, and life,
That energy divine, diffused by Him
Who, only, Immortality can claim,
And whence all life proceeds, return'd again
To Him from whom it flow'd. Awhile we gazed
Upon his lifeless form,—unwilling still
To bid hope gather up her scatter'd flowers,

Though faded was their bloom,—for not a change
Spoke him no longer tenant of this life;
He slept the sleep of death—a sleep so sweet,
That, like the falling dew upon the mead,
It came unseen;—but though unseen is felt.

There is a pang in disappointed hope,
Which I have often felt, when the dark clouds
Of adverse scenes have lower'd around my view;
But death makes passage to the inmost soul,
Exciting feelings, not to be aroused
By fell adversity. The tender ties,
Which bind us heart to heart, cannot be rent
With apathy; endearments rise, unknown
Save to the sufferer's breast, which twine around
The heart-rived mourner's memory, and cling
With cherish'd fondness to the stem of grief:
With every passing gale, vibration's thrill
Carries its tremour to the seat of life,
Swelling the bosom with the sigh it forms!—
Ah! when the heart-strings break, the bosom bleeds,
The poignant anguish runs through every vein,
And nature feels as if the trying hour
Of its own dissolution were at hand!

There is a charm in sympathy, which soothes
Our veriest sorrows, while it opes again
The wound of grief and bids the streamlet flow;
It perfumes with a holy fragrance, pure
As sacred incense, all the breath of woe,

And makes our sighs enjoyment; I have felt
Commiseration's kindly influence spread
Through all my frame, and while my grief arose
Spontaneous with her voice,—a gentle calm
Has hush'd my sorrows in oblivion's wave.
But there's a dart, I gladly would avert,
(Which fixes deeply in this heart of mine,)
Thrown by the hand of artless childhood, that,
Unconscious of its barb, knows not the pain
Which it inflicts; but every riven breast,
Where sensibility has raised her seat,
Will feel its smart and realize that pain.

Ask the fond lover, when bereaved of her
Who bound his pure affections round her heart,
Whether each spot, that witness'd to their joys,
Has not a language which he fain would shun?
Go, ask the widow, at the mournful hour
Which erst had seen the father, husband, friend,
Gladden its moments round the hearth of home,
What are the harrow'd tortures of her soul?
What the conflicting feelings which arise?
What the distracted tumult 'twixt her grief
And love maternal, when the orphan tongues
Of her surrounding little ones repeat,
With all the sweetness of simplicity,
'Why does not father come to have his meal?'
I feel with her the bitter agony
Which rushes through her frame like shock electric,
As the sound strikes her ear. Again resounds

The voice of innocence, in accents mild,
'Mother, what makes you weep? Where's father gone?'
O could I pour into her widow'd heart
The oil of consolation, and bind up
Its bleeding wounds; alleviate the load
Which bears down her forlorn and abject mind,
And raise her from despondency's dull couch,
To rest herself upon the stedfast rock,
Where hope's pavilion shelters from the storm
Of human woe!

And there let me abide!
For Faith has kindly led me to the shore
Which bounds the sea, where grief's full tide rolls on
In waves tumultuous; and has oped the scene
Where fell disease and death hold no domain,
And separation's pang no more is felt.
Thou blest conductress of the roaming mind!
Reason's best guide,—her highest summit thou!
Of thee possess'd, she wends her way secure
Amidst the visionary phantasies
Which float in speculation's airy maze,
Or the grim spectres which beset the bourne,
O'er which credulity her empire spreads.
Through the dark vale, where flits the shade of death
In all its varied forms, the stedfast soul
Arm'd with the shield of faith steps on unmoved;
And e'en amidst the scene where time records
The victories death has won, from early years
To the last passing day, now forming part

Of vast eternity's unfathom'd deep,
She calmly can contemplate. There no change
Of nature's laws speaks imbecility,
Or in His plan or power, who rules supreme.
The ever-varying tenantry of earth,
(Like the frail bubbles on the purling stream,
Which float adown its eddy,—leaving room
For others, while the steady stream flows on,)
No chasm leave, no violation form,
In man's first nature, or his destined end.
One generation, 'tis His high behest,
Is passing onward to the bourne of life,
As imperceptibly the next comes on,
Filling the void unseen—preserving still
Man's race, amidst the wasting march of death.

Nor stops she at the borders of the tomb,
Viewing death's trophies o'er the vanquish'd forms
Of infancy's frail bud—of blooming youth
Or fully ripen'd age ; nor stops she there
Reading his conquests o'er the wise, the strong,
The great, the rich, the peasant, and the prince—
The man whom fame had lifted to the skies,
Or the poor outcast, homeless, and despised ;
But with the radiance of thy heavenly torch
Descends within the chambers of the grave ;
Thy conquering Lord, O Faith ! has grasp'd the key,
And holds supreme dominion o'er its gates ;
He claim'd the portal as his own, when death
Unloosed his bands and set the captive free ;

When to his throne ethereal he arose,
Clad with immortal honours round his brow,
And death both sceptre and domain resign'd.
Here, 'midst the dust which ancient ages saw,
(Form'd by the Maker's hand and fashion'd fair,)
Moving with animation, as the sage
The hero, poet, priest, and prince,
She walks contemplative and thus reflects ;—

So must I be, when life's brief day has run
Its destined course ! This mortal frame, now clothed
With frail corruption's dress, the fit attire
For tenants of the earth,—whose changing scenes
Of pain and trial by experience known
Are wisdom's first, preparatory school,
Shall then be lodged within this peaceful shade!
Here heaven's all-wise designs are carried on,
Hid from the scrutinizing eye of man.
Mortality's *decomposition* here
Prepares the particles for fairer forms,
And nobler combinations, recomposed
By Him who, from the lifeless egg, can call
The feather'd songster, and from root deform'd
Can bid the richly-colour'd tulip spring.
As, through the stages of life's growing years,
Each individual being knows himself
The same in youth, maturity, and age ;
Though no resemblance, 'twixt the vivid bloom
Of early day, and the pale, furrow'd face
Of old decrepitude, to the mind's eye

Remain perceptible—nor should remain
One atom which composed the infant frame ;—
So, tho' endow'd with form, surpassing far,
The mien, the beauty, and the grace, of youth,—
Tho' organized for immortality,—
The Architect divine will still preserve
Conscious identity, amidst the change
He makes, when " death is swallow'd up" of life.
O ! why should it be thought the empty dream
Of vain delusion, that the noblest work
Of heaven's formation should outlive the tomb ?
Let the proud Sceptic say, if ought impugns
Reason's best dictates in the grand design ?*

* Death is the wise appointment of God ; an appointment which none can elude or escape, but by his special permission for important purposes, as in the cases of Enoch, Moses, and Elijah. How important then is the question, " If a man die, shall he live again ?" Christianity, alone, gives the decisive reply to this question, while uncorrupted reason perceives and rejoices in the propriety of the solution. Is death the end of man ? Is it thus, so wise, so wonderful, a frame is for ever destroyed ? Is this the termination of all the labours of life ? Is it here, the stores of knowledge—the principles of piety—the blossoms of virtue—brought forth by arduous care and attention are to be blasted, buried, and consigned for ever to oblivion's cave ? Is it for this, godliness has borne the chastening rod—the scorns of impiety—the hardships of adversity—or the pains of self-denial ? It cannot be ! " Death may destroy, but cannot annihilate." A future life may be the portion of man, or the present is the chaos of confusion—the labyrinth of perplexity—the machine of folly, inconsistency, and absurdity. CHRISTIANITY *decides the question* —THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD BY JESUS CHRIST—" this

And, if he dread not the impending fate
Which hangs upon the conscious sinner's head?
Say, if the hope of still increasing power,
Wisdom's wide field, and virtue's plain to range,
With still augmenting bliss and nearer step
To truth's fair temple, is a joy unwish'd?
I envy not *his* lot, to whom the world
Is but a canker-worm, whose bite destroys
The love of being;—or the little mind,
Which feels contented with the bounded sphere
Of earthly wisdom and its vain delights.

corruptible shall *put on* incorruption, and *this mortal* shall *put on* immortality."

The monitory accents of the grave proclaim--Man! thou art mortal!—The cheering sounds of Christianity are—"Life and immortality are brought to light." Jesus has destroyed the power of death and the grave; he has bound "the king of terrors," and led the conqueror captive; he has rescued the ages of eternity from the hand of the destroyer, and swallowed up death in victory. He has conducted immortality to the gates of the grave, has thrown open her gloomy portals and caused the light of an eternal day to beam upon her confines:—he has presented the glorious prospect of a heavenly country to the eye of faith, and held forth to the land of hope, the unfading and imperishable prize of endless glory, life, and bliss. On Tabor's mount he stood irradiated in all "*the form*" and glory of God,—his countenance shining with the lustre of heaven, and his raiment glowing with celestial refulgence, thus exemplifying the divine power over the human frame;--and in his glorified body will he return to raise man from the corruption of mortality to the radiance of heavenly glory,—"to fashion our bodies like unto his own most glorious body, according to the power whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself."

Be mine the bliss, amidst its darkest scenes
To look beyond the cloud—to view the bow,—
The radiant bow of hope,—the glorious pledge
Of future, brighter days! Be mine the lot
To taste with gratitude the gifts bestow'd,
And justly prize the boon of life on earth,
As the best prelude to a life in heaven.

Hush'd in the arms of death, sweet babe, to thee,
I bid adieu! and while the pearly tear
From nature's fountain streams adown my cheek,
For thee, it does not flow! No pang torments
My mournful breast, like that which racks the heart
Of hapless slave to superstition's fear.
Thy future lot, I calmly can survey,
Unmoved by doubt,—unshaken by distrust!
Pure as the fallen snow—ere from the earth
It takes the sullying stain—thy being flow'd
From Him who gave thee form; and, like the dew
Untinctured with the soil from which it springs,
Thy life to Him return'd. He gave, and He,
In whom all animation lives and moves,
Re-claimed the life He gave! Thy spotless frame
Shall rest securely in the peaceful grave,
Till the bright morning of eternity!
Then shall the radiance of the glorious sun
Of light celestial, quicken into life
The sleeping germ, and clothe it with the rays
Of immortality,—as beam'd around
That sacred orb, when on the holy mount

It rose transfigured with a form divine.
Nor there shall vice her tempting wiles expose,
Tainting the soul with all her baneful stains;
For virtue's self shall train th' expanding mind,
And lead it on, in wisdom's rising path,
To the bright mansion of unending bliss!

Till then, sweet babe, adieu! Each hope, each care,
Each fond anticipation, rest with thee!
Surviving tendrils claim parental love,
Still clinging round the stem of tenderness,
And binding fast its ever-anxious care—
That, safe amidst the dangers of this scene,
Virtue's fair fruits may to perfection grow!

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Without the knowledge of the living God, to what misery should we be exposed! What is the aid of a Jupiter, or a Diana, in the time of distress? Where is the basis of reliance in the hour of difficulty, if Jehovah be unknown? Where is the shelter from fear, perplexing doubt, and gloomy uncertainty? What would the scenes of earthly vicissitude appear, but as the contentions of surrounding elements and the commotions of unruly passions, were there not a God, who can direct and overrule the events of life; who can order

harmony to arise from seeming discord, and mould the rude mass into a form of regularity and beauty ?

But there is a God ! In Him we place our faith ; we believe His word ; we trust His promise ; we confide in His goodness ; we acknowledge His power ; we own His authority ; we rely on His mercy ; we rejoice in His wise, just, and benevolent administration ; assured that, from apparent confusion, He will cause order to arise, and from " seeming evil" will eventually " educe good."

A BIRTH-DAY EPISTLE ;

ADDRESSED TO MRS. DOBELL, WHEN FROM HOME.

No costly gift my hands impart—
A tribute to thy natal day ;
But here's an undivided heart,
Govern'd by pure affection's sway.

And well that joyful heart may yield
Its willing self to such a power ;
Which erst to me, has bless'd, or heal'd,
The gladsome, or the mournful hour.

Wealth may attract, and beauty charm,
While passion feels a transient glow ;
But 'tis affection's breast must warm,
Amidst the chilling damps of woe.

Love's flattering tongue its joys may tell,
In sounds which adulation sings;
But high esteem disdains to swell,
With empty sound, her offerings.

Is there a name, my virtuous pride
Would gladly paint upon thy wreath?
There is! "My Friend!" I'll there inscribe,
And write my joys above—beneath.

Hail then, my friend! to whom I owe
More than my heart can e'er repay;
May Heaven's best blessings round thee flow,
As Time revolves thy natal day:

And though the bloom of youthful prime
Now fade beneath his withering breath;
Those charms, which dread nor age nor time,
Be thine, my friend! in life and death!

Imprinted on thy children's mind
Be every kind, endearing grace;
The soul sincere—the thought refined—
Bound in the feeling heart's embrace.

Together, through the walks of life,
Still may we bend our onward way;
Strangers to all domestic strife—
Subjects of pure affection's sway.

Then let adversity still lower,
Or brighter days around us shine;
We'll dare defy her gloomiest hour—
Or grateful hail the ray benign.

BENEFICENCE.

All beneficence flows from the principle of Love. The apostle Paul writes, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, or love, it profiteth me nothing." This then should be the moving cause of all active goodness,—the spring of all the tender charities of human life,—the sacred fountain from which should flow all the streams of comfort, consolation, relief, and liberality.

When this is the case, those who receive favours are not the only persons benefited; for the words of Solomon are verified, "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul."

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

Yes, I have tears, when tears should flow,
To sprinkle o'er my infant's corse!
My heart can feel the stream of woe
Springing from pure affection's source,—

When sympathy, her kindred grief,
Drops in the cup to me ordain'd;
When friendship pours the kind relief,
To calm the breast by sorrow pain'd:

When memory recalls to view
The sweet endearments of the past;
When *closer ties* the thrill renew,
Keen as the winter's northern blast;
The rising tear, the pang, will speak,
Which love parental e'er must feel,—
To see its tenderest heart-strings break,
As death relentless stops life's wheel!

Yet, be not mine the murmuring sigh,
Which at the will of Heaven repines;
And dares to doubt, yet knows not why,
The wisdom of His dark designs:
But, welcome to my throbbing breast,
Be the assuaging balm of hope;
While faith proclaims that *all is best*,
And lends her all-sustaining prop.

And, ne'er be mine the mournful heart,
Which feels in death *a curse alone;*
Which paints the conqueror's pointed dart,
In gloomy colours not its own:
But, welcome to my inmost soul,
Be the bright scene, by truth display'd;
Mercy ordains th' harmonious whole,
And gilds with love its every shade.

No longer death, in terrors clad,
Impairs the Christian's inward peace;
Hope makes the humble mourner glad,
And hails the time when death shall cease!
When universal life shall reign
In glorious triumph o'er the grave;
And He, o'er death, His power maintain,*
Who died to rise—who lives to save!†

Since the above event, the author has buried three of his other children within seven days.

THE MATRON OF BETHANY.

O! who can paint the indignant ire
Which sordid minds are prone to feel—
Or the fierce flames of envy's fire
Which through the heart of malice steal—
When Charity, all mild and bland,
Vouchsafes the blessings of her hand?

Too mean to soar the lofty height
Of pure devotion's holy sphere;
Too proud to feel the sweet delight
Which flows in meek Compassion's tear;

* 1 Cor. xv. 26. † Romans xiv. 9.

Yet fill'd with all the vain pretence,
Of holier deeds and manly sense.

The secret, pure, retired regard
Which sympathy on grief bestows ;
The deep emotions which retard
The pompous strain, 'mid human woes,
Unknown to them, whose names must shine
Enroll'd, as saints, for deeds divine.

The scrip, the box, the list must glare,
And Charity appear in form ;
Rank after rank her favours share ;
Parade and show the feelings warm ;
Else would the heart all-callous be,—
Insensible to Charity.

But turn, my muse, to humble worth,
And raise the song and chaunt the praise ;
Bring the deserved memorial forth,
And bind it with unfading bays :
In Bethany, a scene we find
To captivate the lowly mind.

At Simon's hospitable board,
Behold the Friend of Man reclined :
The ascetic's gloomy hours unfold
No rays to cheer the social mind ;
Yet Jesus graced the proffer'd feast,
Nor scorn'd to be the Leper's guest.

His life with acts of kindness teem'd ;
His lips with tenderness were moved ;
Nor fail'd his love to be esteem'd,
By those who had his blessings proved :
For " Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Man,"
He aim'd to spread with kindly plan.

Behold the grateful offering brought,
Sweet as the fragrant incense-fume ;
Pure as the offerer's holy thought,
And precious as the emerald's *bloom* ;*
A matron's hand the treasure bore,
On Jesus' head the gift *to pour*.†

Mark ! how he quell'd the indignant sigh
Which avarice heaved, at humble worth ;
Reproved the scornful envious eye,
And chid the heart which gave it birth :
" The Poor with you, ye always have,
But soon my place will be the Grave !"

* " The Emerald's bloom." The author hopes that this expression may be allowed in poetry, as the emerald is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the gems. It is of all the various shades of green, from the deepest to the palest ; and when heated in the fire, it changes its colour to a deep blue, and becomes phosphorescent; on growing cold, it resumes its natural colour. Still it may be the gem itself which is valuable.

† " To Pour." Most probably it was a perfume bottle, not a box, the seal of which she broke, not the bottle or box itself ; for if so, its contents would have been spilled and not *poured*. Some

This sacrifice anoints my tomb,
Offer'd with heart sincere and pure;
It rises grateful as perfume,
And shall for countless years endure:
'Tis a memento which shall last,
When Calvary's trying scene is past!

And when, for realms of glorious day,
I've left the sepulchre's domain,—
When through the world shall spread my sway,
And every tongue confess my reign;
Still shall the high memorial stand,
The witness of her heart and hand!

ON FASHION.

Celia! what mean your lovely sex,
Always to bow to Fancy's whim?
Why do they thus their minds perplex,—
Their soft and gentle passions vex,
That they may in her ocean swim?

Shall Pity yield a tender sigh,
As she beholds them quit the shore,
Where peace and joy and pleasures lie,—
Perchance to see the land no more?

alabaster is so transparent, that at Florence, a church still receives its light through this medium.

N.B.—The substance of these notes was met with in the course of the Author's reading.

Ah! rather, shall not blame arise,
With satire, laughter, and disdain;
While we perceive how you despise
To-day,—what yesterday your eyes
Admired as beauty's train?

STANZAS IN THREE MEASURES.

I.

Come, raise the song,—tune every chord,
For Music's sweetest strains;
That harmony may float abroad,—
As Zephyrs o'er the plains.

II.

Now strike the string anew,
In accents soft and sweet;
Cheering, as is the morning dew,
Which nature loves to greet.

III.

Draw forth the strong melodious sound,
And tune your voices to the song;
Let joy with harmony be crown'd,
And echo all the notes prolong.

DAY-BREAK.

On a very fine Morning after many stormy and dull Days.

The Morning breaks! the rising Sun,
In glorious pomp, comes rolling on;

Night's sable vesture is withdrawn,—
And Nature smiles at morning's dawn.

Pale Moon! withdraw thy glimmering light,
Bright in thy path through realms of night;
Behold! a brighter scene appears,—
The orient beam all nature cheers.

Ye little, sparkling orbs, that roll
Around the axis of the Pole,
Ye, too, must hide your glimmering ray
Before the Monarch of the Day.

Mount, glorious Sun! arise, arise!
Pour forth thy beams from skies to skies;
The Northern climes thy course shall hail,
And Southern realms thy path detail.

"PAUPER UBIQUE JACIT:"

On receiving a Letter with this Motto on the Seal.

And is it Freedom's prize he boasts,
Unfetter'd thus to roam,
O'er native land, or foreign coasts,
And find each place his home?

I ask not power, so unrestrain'd
By friendship's social tie;
A liberty so dearly gain'd,
By loss of Sympathy.

Or is it Penury's dark frown,
Cast on the human breast;
Which binds the broken spirit down,
And makes the earth his rest?

I rather bow her ills to bear
Than own the miser's heart;
For friendship's breast those ills will share
Or blunt her keenest dart.

But bless'd is he, yea doubly bless'd,
Who finds a home where friendship reigns;
Who, in that home, can be at rest
On calm contentment's happy plains:
With power possess'd of doing good,
A feeling and a grateful mind—
Pleasure encircles his abode,
Exhaustless, boundless, and refined!

MY BOSOM OF WOE;

In answer to a congratulatory Letter on my return to my present Residence, after having resided in five different Houses.

O Yes! it would gladden my bosom of woe
To return to the spot of my infantile days;
But is it the prelude to quiet below—
Or is it the gleam of the taper's last rays?

O yes! it would gladden my bosom of woe,
After all its disasters, to enter as Home—
The Home of my youth! and undoubtingly know,
That the Home of the past, was the Home for to come.

O yes! it would gladden my bosom of woe,
Could I banish the painful remembrance thence,
That, no longer parental affection can glow
Round the hearth where it erst did its blessings dispense!

O yes! it would gladden my bosom of woe,
Could Adversity's blot be erased from the page;
And neighbours no longer regard me a foe,
But read my full heart and its anguish assuage!

O yes! it would gladden my bosom of woe,
To exert its full powers on that once happy spot,
Where Industry taught and enforced, long ago,
The lessons which Memory has not forgot.

PENSIVENESS.

Let me linger—let me linger—
Beside the streamlet's flow!
The music of its bubbles,
Shall soothe my many troubles,
And lull my mind to peace,
And smooth my furrow'd brow.

I love to watch its motions,
Now gurgling—now serene—
It speaks of new scenes,
And Humanity weans
From cares and anxious thought,
And sorrow's pain so keen.

O ! it tells, yes, it tells
An useful tale to man;
Its soft flowing wanderings,
With all its meanderings,
Whisper of passing time,
Which mortals cannot span.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet Floweret ! the pride of my bed,
I hail thy return with delight;
With pleasure I witness'd thy green spiral head
Pierce through the light earth, and luxuriantly spread
Its soft glowing leaves to my sight !

Sweet emblem of Innocence fair,
Thy blossom, so pure, I admire,
Beyond the gay tulip, which decks the parterre,
Or yon prized carnation, perfuming the air,
Or sun-flower with petal of fire.

Sweet emblem of modesty dear,
Thy form is more lovely to view
Than crowns, though imperial, can ever appear,
Or e'en the sweet woodbine or hyacinth clear,
Or piony brilliant with dew.

Sweet Floweret! forgive the rude deed—
I pluck thee—strange proof of my love!
Thy sorrowing stem will ere long cease to bleed;
Forgetting thy beauty—regardless of seed—
While thee to my breast I remove.

Sweet Floweret! when thee I survey,
A lesson of virtue impart:
O teach me to walk in humility's way,
Where modesty dwells—where content holds her sway—
And innocence reigns in the heart.

Sweet Floweret! while thee I admire,
Instruct me how frail is my bloom:
Or wither'd, or pluck'd, I must shortly retire,
From all the delights which Life's Spring can inspire,
To make my abode in the tomb!

Sweet Floweret! as thee I remove,
To my heart, with a thrill of delight,—
So may I be welcomed, by heavenly Love,
To realms of unfading enjoyment above,
To glory eternally bright.

EVENING ASPIRATION.

Holiest of holies! God of love!
In whom "we live and breathe and move,"—
To Thee my inward thoughts aspire,
With earnest wish and strong desire,

How feeble is my highest thought
To trace the works thy hands have wrought!
Or raise the mind which Thou hast given
From things on earth to things in heaven!

I cleave to visionary dreams,
Where pleasure, all in rapture, seems;
To things of moment, real and true,
I fail to pay the homage due.

Passion will call—Temptation try—
The heart which listens to their cry:
In Thee alone that heart is strong
To love the right—discard the wrong.

O! then, thy heavenly influence shed
Around my path—around my bed,—
Encompass'd with thy gracious power
Alike the noon or midnight hour.

The secret swell of grateful joy,
Which should the evening hour employ,

The heartfelt prayer—the inward sigh—
Are seen by thine all-seeing eye;

No more, in day's refulgent light,
When pleasure smiles or spreads her blight:
To Thee each secret thought is known,
Even before that thought's my own. Psl. cxxxix. 2.

A FLOWRET FOR THE WREATH OF HUMANITY.

DEDICATION.

The youthful Muse, who owns no Patron's care,
Yet needs support, the Critic's frown to bear;
In Albion's lovely daughters seeks a friend,
Whose generous soul will kind assistance lend.

Oh! is there one, who thus will deign to smile
And stamp *approval* on her early toil?
Whose breast shall own, by nature's heaving sighs,
That from her verse some sweet emotions rise?
Whose eye, suffused with meek Compassion's tear,
Shall dare confess it views the picture there?
Whose heart, with Joy's enlivening flame shall glow
To find Humanity can soothe the woe,
And ease the pains, the sons of Misery know?

Then will the Muse, with patience, bear the frown
Which may, by Critics, on her lines be thrown;
Whose vulture-talons tear their tender prey,
As ravening wolves the harmless lambkins slay.

Ye lovely Fair, who grace our native land,
With feelings tender, and with bounteous hand;
Who own the sway of Sympathy divine,
And pay your honours at her sacred shrine;
Who feel the power of Pity's soft controul
Thrill through each nerve, and subjugate the soul;
Whose willing feet obey Compassion's nod,
And quickly bear you to some drear abode
Where wan Despair, where pale Affliction dwells,
Or Penury's hand all earthly joy dispels;

To you, the Muse would dedicate her lays,
And humbly wait your censure, or your praise.

HUMANITY.

Humanity I sing; the lovely guest,
The dear companion, of the generous breast!
Her sacred pleasures—with her heartfelt pains—
Her scenes of Joy, and scenes where Sorrow reigns.
'Tis not my wish to tell of warlike deeds,
Of cities razed, or of blood-stain'd meads;
Of vanquish'd Heroes, or of conquer'd Kings;
Or Famine drear borne swift on Rapine's wings.
To those whose feelings with delight can soar
'Mid scenes like these—defiled with human gore,

My peaceful Muse would leave Bellona's field,
With all the joy such horrid themes can yield.
To those whose page is glosed with Flattery's oil,
Who frown at Pity, and at Murder smile,—
She leaves to sing the pompous Victor's praise,
Nor envies once the glory of their lays.
My humble Muse disdains to court applause
Save when employ'd in Virtue's holy cause!
For her, she strives to pluck some humble flower,
To deck her wreath, from Mercy's sacred bower.

I sing HUMANITY; nor can it deem,
Though much neglected, an unworthy theme.
A source of pleasure to the happy few
Who feel its dictates, and obey them too!
Pleasure, unknown to those whose sordid mind
Their only bliss, in hoarding wealth, can find;
Who look, with transport, on their earthly store,
Then sigh to think that they possess no more.

In vain, with them we search for true delight,
No beam of joy can pierce their dreary night;
No ray of happiness, that gilds the scene
With lasting pleasure, and with bliss serene;
A passing meteor, is their only boast,
Which soon expires, and is for ever lost!

In vain, where Ostentation dwells, we seek
For feelings tender and for tempers meek;
Oppression stern sits frowning on the brow,
Demanding homage and the servile bow;

Disdain flies eager from th' imperious eye,
And with its blast prolongs the mourner's sigh :
Ne'er dwells HUMANITY in such a breast,
Nor with her pleasures is the bosom bless'd !
The bliss of such in arrogance is found,
When harsh commands are with submission own'd.
Unfelt those joys the sons of Mercy know,
Who look, with pity, on the weak and low ;
Who raise th' oppress'd—the weak support and guide,
And in Compassion find a *virtuous pride !*
Yes ! from HUMANITY, true pleasures rise,
Like the soft stream whose fountain never dries ;
A constant source of tranquil, holy joy,
Without satiety, without alloy !

A certain token of the *noble* mind,
The glorious ornament of human kind !
Vain the pretence to Honour,—Sacred Name !
If Virtue stamp not merit on the claim ;
And who can boast that virtue they possess
Unless their cause, is that of Happiness ?

Honour, alas ! is now too oft defamed,
And in its pure original contemn'd ;
Like current coin, the counterfeits appear,
And, with the name, pretend the worth to bear ;
But the True Standard puts pretence to flight,
As the bright Sun dispels the shades of night,
And by its power the hollow claim displays
While the pure gold appears with brighter rays.

The only rule by which we ought to try,
Pretended Honour and reality,
Is surely this: 'Those acts alone which tend
To prosper Happiness and Peace defend;
Which make the welfare of mankind their aim;
The good encourage, and the bad reclaim;
Relieve th' oppress'd; the orphan's cause defend;
Assist the poor, and prove the widow's friend.

This is the standard; who will bear the test?
Who feels no terror agitate his breast?
Will those who boast that Honour is their due,
Now prove their title and pretences true?
Why should they fear their various claims to try
If, on their worth, they boldly can rely?
Truth fears no scrutiny, nor will she shun
The piercing rays of Heaven's meridian sun!
But like the watch-work frame in glass inclosed
To full examination stands exposed.

See yonder stand, exalted o'er the rest,
A num'rous throng, array'd in Honour's vest;
Triumphant Conq'rors, with their trophies near,
And Nobles, with their titles held so dear;
The polish'd Beau, with jockey-cap and whip,
The midnight Rev'ller, with licentious lip;
The boasting Duellist, with blood defiled,
The Swearer too, by passion sore beguiled;
The base Seducer, with Religion's foes,
He scorns her precepts, nor her value knows.

All boast their right to Honour's bright reward,
But never once their various claims compared
With that TRUE STANDARD, which, alone, can give
The title clear her favours to receive.

Say, why should he who leads the martial band
To peaceful cities in a foreign land,
Who spreads destruction with the glittering blade,
And desolation stamps with every tread;
Why should *he* claim a title to the bays
Which HONOUR yields, while he her cause betrays?
'Tis Peace she prizes,—Happiness she loves,
And him alone rewards, who these approves.

Or say, shall they who boast their high descents,
On ancient worth and greatness, found pretence;
Whose names are graced with titles, not their own,
But, like their names, descend from sire to son;
Whose puny actions scarcely notice claim,
Yet, with their titles, think their worth the same?

O! vain pretensions! Folly's full extreme!
An empty Phantom and an idle Dream!
Mere titles vanish when we view the *man*,
And prove his boasting and pretensions vain.
'Tis he alone, who makes his titles shine
With rays effulgent and with beams divine,
Whose actions speak; whose useful life appears,
And stamps desert upon his lengthen'd years.

'Tis not the Titles dignify the man,
But Man the titles; this is Honour's plan:
Else might their Chariots claim *their* proper share,
From the gay tokens which they often bear.

Is Honour found with those who drive the steed
With nicest trappings and of swiftest speed;
Who use the *lash* to shew their *mighty skill*,
The prized acquirements of a fortnight's "*drill*"?
Surely, the Drayman and the Ploughman too,
Might boast *their honour* with a claim more true!
Since their employ is useful all must own,
And all confess the merits of the Clown.

Or shall the man who midnight revels loves,
Who scenes of vice and impious deeds approves;
Or he, who falsely boasts a hero's flame
And risks his life, '*in honour of his name*;'
Or he, whose lips with horrid oaths are stain'd,
While Reason's ear and Virtue's breast are pain'd;
Or he, whose act more base than murd'rer's blow,
Sinks the fair virgin to the depths of woe?
Or say, shall he who piety contemns,
And, with disdain, the Christian's hope condemns?
Can these be proper objects of renown,
Or worthy candidates for Honour's crown?
Their claims are worthless, and in vain they try
To gain a name to charm posterity.
'Tis false and forged, the glory they possess
The praise of Folly—Vanity's caress.

In Virtue's path True Honour must be found,
With Joy and Happiness eternal crown'd;
To them alone, the badge of Honour's due,
Who love her precepts and her paths pursue;
Who follow where Humanity shall guide,
And deem her pleasures worth all joys beside.

See yonder sits, in heavenly robes array'd,
With tender pity in her looks display'd,
The lovely Angel, who the muse attends,
And, with her counsels, acts of mercy blends.
Commission'd by Th' Eternal Source of Love,
She left the glorious realms of light above;
To Earth descended, and with man resides,
And to his care her choicest rules confides;
Erects her palace on this lower sphere,
And sways her sceptre with discretion here.
Around her stand the objects of her choice,
Who hear her dictates and obey her voice;
Her precepts learn'd,—she waves her golden wand
And bids them straight fulfil her mild command;
Well pleased, they hear the tender accents flow,
And haste to soothe unhappiness and woe.

THE COTTAGE.

To yon low cottage, now they bend their way,
Whose straw-thatch'd roof and chinky walls of clay,
Now torn and beaten, by the northern blast,
Plainly declare its better days are past.
The half-hinged door admits the welcome guests,
Whose eyes bespeak the feelings of their breasts,
Which fill'd with pity, as the scene they view,
Draw forth the tear to suffering ever due.

Stretch'd on a couch, o'er-laid with beaten straw,
The wretched master of the cot they saw;
With eyes near closed and visage pale and thin,
Ne'er raised to see what strangers enter in;
By sickness, sunk from health to woe and pains,
His strength decreased, no energy remains;
No labour earns his scanty weekly pay,
And Penury's frown increases his dismay;
His deep-felt groans declare his anxious state,
While oft he mourns his wife's and children's fate.
The wearied mother, worn with grief and care,
Sat lull'd to sleep, in an old elbow chair;
The half-clothed children, filled with gloomy fears,
Roll'd on the floor and bathed it with their tears.
On the cold hearth, where embers used to glow,
Lay undissolved the hail and fallen snow;
No glowing fagot lent its cheering blaze,
To soothe their sorrows and their spirits raise.

While steadfast gazing on the gloomy scene,
The mother's aspect shew'd her more serene;
A half-form'd smile upon her face appears,
And some kind dream dispels her former fears;
'Kind Heaven!' she cries, 'accept my humble praise,
And grant thy favour on my future days!'

Her upraised eyes once more behold the light,
And her fair guests meet her astonish'd sight.
'Whence come ye, strangers?' eager she exclaims,
'O say your wishes and reveal your names.'

'We come,' they say, 'to view thy humble cell,
To ease thy suff'ring and thy grief dispel;
Sent by HUMANITY, the suff'rer's friend,
To whose commands, with pleasure, we attend.
Say thou the nature of the scene we view,
And tell the cause of all thy trouble too!'

'Ye generous souls, my thanks I must return,
To see you weep with those who weep and mourn;
Kind Heaven has sent you to relieve my woe,
To quell my sorrow and its kindness show.
There have been days when never did I feel
A moment's mis'ry o'er my minutes steal;
When Pleasure's paths and Health's gay meads I trod,
Nor knew the anguish of Affliction's rod.
Then, honest John,—alas! those days are gone!—
Would rise, with pleasure, at the morning's dawn;

Haste to his labour, with a cheerful glee,
Blithe as the lark, industrious as the bee ;
Our prattling children, clean and neatly clad,
Repaid our toil and made our bosoms glad :
Our moments fled, and view'd our joy and peace,
Which we did vainly hope would never cease.
But three months since the scene began to change,
And John complain'd of feelings very strange ;
Strange then, to him, for oh ! he never knew
A moment's sickness till this fit you view !
Ah ! then began the time of our distress !
The end of all our former happiness !
No longer now could he his work pursue,
And soon at Master's were no wages due ;
I toil'd by day and watch'd his couch by night,
Hoping that time would set these matters right ;
But vain my hope, my labour was in vain !
No mitigation of my husband's pain !
I sought the town and made our troubles known
To those who meet to hear the pauper's moan ;
Some small relief their generous hands bestow'd,
So small indeed, as did but little good.
They also sent a doctor to our cot,
Who sometimes came, but oftener forgot ;
Too proud, I thought, to stoop his lofty head,
Or deign to enter in our humble shed.

Thus worse and worse, I think, our misery grew,
Until o'er-come with toil and trouble too,

I sank in sleep, within yon elbow chair,
When you first enter'd and beheld me there.
Oh! then I dream'd, and not an empty dream!
That, sent by Heaven, a lovely angel came;
Whose words of comfort quell'd my every fear,
Dispell'd my grief and dry'd my falling tear;
And, in your features, I can plainly trace
The soft compassion of the Angel's face.
I trust, kind Heaven, on whom I cast my care—
By whose support, my many woes I bear—
Will soon fulfil what in my dream appear'd,
And claim again those grateful words ye heard;
I trust, in you, its goodness I shall prove,
And hail Humanity with songs of love.'

'Well pleased we view this confidence of thine,'
They quick reply, 'O let it not decline!
To Heaven's all gracious hand commit thy fate,
Its love is boundless and its mercy great;
Soon shall the cloud of sorrow disappear,
And the bright scene remain serene and clear.
These trifles now we beg thee to receive,
They'll calm thy trouble and thy wants relieve;
This cordial will thy husband soon restore,
These garments clothe thy children as before;
Soon let a fagot on the cold hearth blaze,
And may Heaven's favours cheer thy future days!'

Then from the cottage quickly they depart,
Crown'd with the blessings of her grateful heart.

THE BLIND MAN.

"Ye sons of Pity, pray bestow your aid,"
In mournful tone, a hapless sufferer said;
Clarissa heard and cast her eyes around
To view the cause of such a doleful sound.
Beneath a beech, whose leafy branches spread
And form'd a shelter for his hoary head,
Stood the poor object of distress and grief,
Who sought compassion and implored relief.
Beside him lay his old and faithful friend,
Cato,—well pleased his needful help to lend;
With waving tail, his kindness he display'd,
And roll'd his eye, and couch'd and toss'd his head.

Clarissa saw, and turn'd her footseps near,
While from her eye there fell a pearly tear,
When the pale visage and the grief-worn cheek,
The wither'd hand, the arm unnerved and weak,
And rolling eye-balls lifted to the sky,
Met her quick glance and caused the rising sigh.

Deep on her soul Humanity had press'd
Her golden seal, and stamp'd *her* image bless'd;
On the fair tablet of her heart had penn'd
Her sacred precepts and surnamed her *Friend;*
A brilliant medal for her breast had given,
Pure as the crystal or the light of Heaven.

There fair Humility was seen to reign ;
And modest Meekness form'd its silver chain.
The golden bracelets, which adorn'd her hand,
Where *Kind Beneficence* and *Soft Command ;*
The brightest rings, which deck'd her fingers, were
Rich Industry and due *Prudential Care ;*
Her robe was *Charity,* and, thus array'd,
Along the copse the lovely maiden stray'd.

Soon as she had suppress'd the rising sighs,
In sounds of pity to the blind she cries :
' Good father, pray can I afford relief,
Remove thine anguish, or assuage thy grief ?
Thy state demands a sympathizing heart,
And claims the help which Mercy would impart ;
If my assistance can thy wants relieve,
Tell me thy sorrows, and my mite receive.'

' Pardon me, Madam !—(for I think you are
By your kind words, one of the generous Fair ;)
Pardon me, Madam, for my tears must flow
To hear you pity one oppress'd with woe.
I'll wipe the tears from off my furrow'd face,
And strive to tell you of my hapless case ;
Though the sad thought of days and years gone by,
Will draw fresh water from my darken'd eye.

' Time was, when I could view the lovely scene
Of smiling Nature, in her lively green ;

When I could trace, with Thomson's graphic pen,
The varied beauties of the hill and glen ;
Could feel the pleasures which the Spring inspires,
And view the radiance of the Summer's fires ;
Could rove amid luxuriant Autumn's stores,
Could see the treasures which the winter pours.
Bless'd with a partner and three lovely boys,
I pass'd my days in peace and rural joys ;
Till the fair scene was darken'd with a storm,
And life assumed a sad and dreary form.
My eldest child, an early victim fell
To pale Consumption ! While his tolling knell
Still sounded doleful in Affection's ear,
I saw my youngest press th' untimely bier ;
Misfortune's arm a poison'd arrow threw,
Which pierced my infant with an aim too true !
Forgive the tear parental love must give,
For Memory bids my former pains revive ! '

He ceased—as sorrow fill'd his heaving breast,
And his deep sighs his utterance suppress'd,
Till he had shed the tributary tear
Of love to those his memory held most dear.

' Madam,' (again his story he pursued,)
' If on your time I farther may intrude,
New troubles follow'd every passing year,
Deepen'd my anguish and increased my fear ;
My other boy I hoped would still survive
To cheer my age and former joys revive,—

Support my hoary hairs, and be my stay,
When Nature's powers were sinking to decay;
But frail my hopes, and transient as the dew
Which decks the branches of the gloomy yew;
Those sparkling joys soon vanish'd from my sight,
And left me gloomy as that tree of night!
That baneful scourge, which ravages our isle
And spreads distress where'er it claims its spoil,
The *Small-pox* dire,—alas! it found its way
To our abode and ruled with iron sway!
Too, too neglectful, freely I confess,
Of means which tend its horrors to suppress;
Too late, alas! my negligence I proved,
And mourn'd the object which I dearly loved!
I saw him sink beneath the sick'ning pain!
I saw,—but oh! I never saw again!
For as *he* suffer'd through a father's fault,
So was *I* subject to the fierce assault;
I bore the storm, and in its highest stage
I saw the tender victim of its rage;
My eye-balls roll'd and Darkness cast her shades,
And still her power my tender orbs pervades!

'My faithful wife, still watch'd with anxious care,
And, with her kindness, kept me from despair;
With strength in part restored I left my bed,
And, forced by want, I begg'd our daily bread;
Our former little savings all were spent;
Our furniture was sold to pay our rent;

We fled the place which fill'd our hearts with grief,
And from HUMANITY besought relief.

'Soon did distress o'er-power her feeble frame,
She sunk with anguish, and deliverance came:
Where weary nature finds a bless'd repose,
Nor misery's pang nor Pain's distresses knows,
She's found a rest;—O may she rest in peace,
Till Heaven's bright morn shall bid her slumbers cease!
Now only *Cato* leads my dreary way,
While wandering on, for kind relief I pray.'

Clarissa weeps to hear the piteous tale;
While soft emotions in her breast prevail,
To think how bless'd, that she can well provide
A peaceful home, in which he may reside.

'Father,' she says, 'no longer shall you roam,
But rest, with comfort, in a lasting home;
I have an Alms-house under my controul,
Thither I'll lead you and your grief console;
Cato and you shall still together dwell,
And spend your latter days, within a peaceful cell.'

The old man dropp'd upon his knees, and pray'd
For Heaven's best blessings on her youthful head,
Then follow'd where the fair Clarissa led.

EULOGIUM ON DR. JENNER.

As some clear spring amid Zaara's wild,
Or Hagar's well to her half-famish'd child,
Thou wast, O Jenner! when thou didst proclaim
To weeping Britain *Vaccine's* welcomed name!
While the proud Conqueror, with his blood-stain'd wheel,
With heart of stone, with bosom form'd of steel,
Must view his laurels wither and decay,
And all his glory perish with the day;
While mourning widows, and yon orphan train,
Will hate the name that form'd the dread campaign;
Parents and children shall *thy praise* proclaim,
And unborn ages love to chaunt thy name;
Thy wreath shall flourish in immortal bloom,
And lasting glories deck thine honour'd tomb!

At the time the above lines were written, the Author was ignorant of Bloomfield's Piece, dedicated to Dr. Jenner, although he knew Bloomfield personally. A relative of the Author was pre-eminent in the knowledge and treatment of the small-pox, and he lived to congratulate his survivors on this superior virus.

THE SHIPWRECK.

High roll'd the billows of the foaming deep,
While Boreas' blasts, with awful roar, did sweep
O'er its rough surge, which dash'd the reefy shore,
And gave new horrors to the tempest's roar!

Darkness had drawn the curtains of her tent
Round Ocean's bosom,—with convulsion rent;
Had spread her mantle of the thickest gloom
To add fresh terror to the raving foam;
Her ebon sceptre in her hand had placed,
And bound her sable zone around her waist;
Mounted her dreary throne, and bade her *shade*
The bright domain of glorious Sol invade.

Dreadful the combat!—while the liquid fire
Gleam'd through the *shade* and bade it thence retire;
With awful grandeur roll'd the solemn sound,
And spread its terrors to the distant bound;
While blushing Sol his bright pavilion closed,
And on his couch with patient grief reposed;
Wept to behold the horrors of the fight,
And long'd to give his joy-inspiring light.

Amid the scene Alberto's vessel roll'd,
While sore dismay each trembling soul controll'd;
Death rode, with ghastly aspect, at the helm,
While the dread grave usurp'd the wat'ry realm;
Open'd her thousand mouths and craved her prey,
And call'd on Death his icy wand to sway!

Alberto saw, with agitated frame,
The sure destruction of his wealth and fame;
But other objects claim'd his tender care,
A much-loved wife—an only daughter dear!

In vain my Muse attempts to paint the scene
Of grief and love,—now raving, now serene;
Of tender partings, and affection's kiss
Endear'd by sorrow,—once refined by bliss!

Not Jephthah's trouble could outweigh the grief,
When he return'd as Israel's conquering Chief,
And his loved daughter, with her garlands crown'd,
Hail'd his approach with timbrel's joyful sound;
Little aware she cast a pointed dart,
Which sunk with torture in a father's heart!
Ah! little knew she of the hapless vow,
That made his soul with bitter anguish bow!

Alberto felt the shivering vessel reel,
And the hard rock distort her powerless keel;
He seized their hands and led them to the deck,
And instant sunk amid the general wreck!
Prone on the cliff the feeble vessel drives,
And to the deep consigns unnumber'd lives!
Alberto grasp'd with tighter hold, and swam,
With his loved treasure, on a splinter'd beam;
But, just exhausted of his vigorous fire,
His spirits droop and all his hopes expire;
When, from the shore, the Life-boat's gallant crew,
With pitying eye, the scene of misery view!
Fired by Humanity, they seized the oar
Regardless of the awful tempest's roar;
Swift to their aid the *sacred ark* they urge
Amid the ragings of the foaming surge;

Draw the poor sufferers to the bless'd retreat,
(While with pure joy their generous bosoms beat,)
Back to the shore convey the rescued few,
Crown'd with *true honour* and with pleasure too!

Benelvo sees the wretched sufferers land,
And instant gives them his assisting hand;
Opens his door, and soothes their aching hearts,
And consolation to their souls imparts;
Teaches submission to His sovereign will
Whose wise designs His goodness will fulfil,
Though dark his dealings, or mysterious still!

Around the shore HUMANITY had placed
Her willing servants, with compassion graced;
And who had witness'd the affecting scene
Which pierced their breasts with grief and anguish keen.

The rolling waves, with their tremendous whirl,
On the rough shore the tempest's victims hurl;
A ghastly corse, with fear's dread aspect stamp'd,
Struck sore Dismay that every bosom damp'd,
Chill'd the swift current of the flowing vein,
Yet could not Pity's generous tear restrain!
A tender mother, with her infant dear
Clasp'd in her arms, renew'd the pitying tear;
Call'd into action Mercy's proffer'd aid,
And swift attention to her state was paid.
Those valued means, by generous souls devised,
(Though oft by Folly's heedless sons despised,)

Revived the motions of the beating heart,
And bade life's current glow in every part;
Restored the mother to her infant child,
And her distress, by present joys, beguiled.

Nor could HUMANITY consent to leave
The corse, which *human skill* could not revive,
Till she had placed it in the peaceful tomb—
Where the loud blast is lost in silent gloom!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

HARK! how the solemn peal declares the day
Of joyful rest, to them whose souls obey;
Who feel the flame of pure Religion's fire,
And own the pleasures which her beams inspire!

See, yonder walk, in prudent order placed,
A youthful train, with Heaven's bless'd volume graced;
The hapless Orphan and the Child of woe,
The Widow's offspring,—humble, meek, and low.
To yon neat building they direct their way,
With willing hearts its rules they all obey;
With pleasure place them on their well-known seat,
Earnest to learn the lessons they repeat.

Ye honour'd names, who thus attempt to rear
The youthful bosom, in a pious fear;

Who call forth praise from *babes'* and *orphans'* tongues,
And teach the beauties of Religion's songs;
Who ope the mind to knowledge pure and great,
More rich than wealth,—more noble than a state;
Who feel HUMANITY's sweet influence rise
And fill your souls with Joy that never dies!
Pursue the task!—the pleasing task pursue—
Your youthful charge shall pay the *honour* due;
Each rising race shall hand your memory down,
Clad with fresh glory and increased renown!

And thine, O Lancaster!—the Orphan's Friend!
Shall, with delight, to Time's last age descend;
Our children's children shall thy memory greet,
With gladsome sounds,—with accents soft and sweet;
Praise, mingled with the tears of heart-felt Joy,
Shall fill their souls and every tongue employ.
My humble Muse disdains a flatterer's name,
But Truth demands a tribute to thy fame;
O may the trump of Fame proclaim thy praise,
Till every clime thy *heaven-born* plan obeys!
Till on each shore Instruction waves her wand,
And Wisdom reigns through every peopled land!

O ye, who boast your heaps of shining dust,
And for delight in *riches* place your trust,
Regard the joys HUMANITY bestows,
And taste, with Lancaster, the bliss he knows!
See yon *poor orphan* in your open street,
With tatter'd garb—with bare and mangled feet—

Exposed to Sorrow and to Folly's wiles,
Who sports on Want and with her arts beguiles;
Leads sad Distress to Theft's defiled abode,
And stamps the heart with a disdain of God;
Conducts her victim, by each sad degree,
To Murder's horror and the fatal tree!

Is not *his* nature like the rich and high?
Is not *his* bosom troubled with a sigh?
Is not *his* Maker equal with your own?
Of the *same Father* is *he* not a son?

Stretch, then, your arm and be his early guide,
Relieve his wants and bid his cares subside.
If no fond offspring in your mansions dwell,
Here is a child—whom you *a son* may call;
A child of Reason!—whom Instruction's voice
May lead to Virtue's pure and peaceful joys;
Fit him to live in bonds of social love,
Revere his Country's laws and useful prove;
A child of Immortality!—whose soul
May feel Religion's dictates and controul;
Whose heart may bow to all her sacred laws,
And own the glory of the Christian cause.

Oh! shall your lifeless gods, of glittering ore,
Claim all your homage and contract each power?
Each power—which fair HUMANITY would lead
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed—

Would still expand, and as her influence spread
Would o'er your hearts her choicest blessings shed.
Learn, then, to offer at *her* sacred shrine
Some generous portion of your golden mine;
Believe the Muse! *she* doubly does repay
Her humble Votaries who her laws obey.

And ye, who own not Mammon's gilded store,
Nor boast possession of her valued ore,
Whose tongues declare, unwilling to deceive,
"Of gold and silver we have none to give"—
Ye lowly Poor, on you the Muse must call,
For e'en on *you* some sacred duties fall;
No state exempt,—no one condition free,—
Though each its sphere and each its just degree.
"Such as ye have" HUMANITY demands,—
A heart of pity and assisting hands,—
A willing mind, a sweet consoling tongue,
To cheer the aged and instruct the young.

Know ye the *Widow*, in distress and tears?
Your words of comfort should remove her fears;
Your lips consoling counsel should impart,
And raise composure in her mournful heart.

See ye the *Traveller*, fainting on his way?
Open your door and bid a friendly stay;
Though the rich cordial, or the cheering wine,
Be not your portion from the hand Divine—

Yet the pure cup, from Nature's flowing stream,
Will prove more sweet than Luxury's icy cream.
And think not *much* is most to be admired,—
" Where *much* is given, *much* will be required ;
Each act of mercy is a debt we owe
To Him, from whom our various blessings flow.
The *poor man's* tribute, willingly bestow'd,
Is far more pleasing in the sight of God,
Than all the incense Wealth and Pomp bestow,
If no pure flame within the bosom glow.

Hear the sweet voice of *him* whose lips declare,
A bright reward his pious soul shall share,
Whose hands bestow such generous cup alone,
To give refreshment to " a little one !"
He saw the widow, with her humble mite,
Cast in her tribute with a sweet delight,—
Her act approved, beyond the ample stores
Which Wealth's deep fountain in the Treas'ry pours !

Hear, then, Humanity's all-soothing voice,
And with her pleasures let your souls rejoice ;
Taste, at her spring, the joys which ceaseless flow,
And know—the *Poor* can ease distress and woe !

THE PRISON.

Pale Virtue mourns at yonder gloomy walls,
Where the drear dungeon every breast appals ;
She weeps to find her sacred laws contemn'd,
And hears, with sorrow, of a wretch condemn'd.

Meek Pity turns a sympathizing eye,
And views the scene with many a heaving sigh ;
She weeps to view the hapless Debtor's cell,—
His mournful case, with sadness, hears him tell.

Humanity survey'd the dread abode ;
And o'er her cheeks a modest blushing flow'd,
While the harsh-grating gate received the guest
Who sought to comfort the afflicted breast.

In one low cell, where dreary aspect spread
A gloom of horror o'er the sufferer's head,
Fidelio saw the wretched Penso lie,
And mourn his fate, with downcast weeping eye.
Distress and Poverty had caused a debt
Beyond the sum which Industry could get ;
Though due Frugality his table spread,
And gave the measure of his daily bread ;
Torn from the partner of his joys and cares,
Each mourns, in absence, what each other bears !

Fidelio view'd him with compassion's eye,
And found the means his wishes to supply;
Led the poor sufferer from the gloomy cell,
Gave more relief, and bade him a farewell!

In one, more dismal, old Marida lay,
Whose rough-cast bars gave but a glimmering ray;
A glimmering ray which only served to show,
With utmost horror, his distress and woe.
A bed of straw the wretched culprit bore,
And heavy chains confined him to the floor;
Fear and Dismay dreaded the final throe,
And Anguish stung him, with redoubled woe!

Honorus enters, with a thrilling dread,
Surveys the scene with gloomy horror spread;
Waits till his breast composure had regain'd,
Then mildly speaks, by Pity's power constrain'd:
"Marida! view in me a friend of woe,
Not come to pain,—but comfort to bestow;
If consolation can thy anguish soothe,
Or bland Humanity thy grief remove,
Tell me the feelings of thy tortured heart,
And the sad cause of this thy bosom's smart."

"Oh Sir," he cries, "you need not wish to know
The horrid deeds which cause my dreadful woe,—
Which bid remorse, with keenest anguish burn,—
Which meet my sight on every side I turn:—

Pierce through my soul, with torture's venom'd dart,
And all the horrors of Conviction's smart!
Too sad my tale for Virtue's ear to hear,
And too distressing for her breast to bear!
Oft has my tongue her harmless bosom grieved
And caused the sigh with which that bosom heaved;
Too late I see the folly of my ways,
Scorning the precepts which her Law displays!
I view, with sorrow, deeds of blackest hue,
The footpad's cruelty, the murd'rer's too;
I suffer now—and oh! a future day!
When Heaven, with justice, shall my deeds repay!
It chills my blood!—Oh Heaven! in mercy spare,
And listen to an humble suppliant's prayer!"

"Yes," says Honorus, "Heaven is wise and just,
And lends an ear, if there we place our trust;
Though sinners must the pains of anguish feel,
Who scorn the law and virtue's strong appeal:
Yet, meek repentance in an humble mind
Mercy and Love, in Heaven's high court, will find;
Fair Penitence will stand before the bar,
And find compassion and forgiveness there."
On Calvary's mount, behold the suffering thief
Confess his crime and supplicate relief;
Hear the fond pardon from a Saviour's tongue
Dispel his anguish and efface each wrong.
"Despair not thou, Marida! but apply,
With heart sincere, for pardon from on high;

The portals wide a Saviour's arm has thrown,
And made Heaven's mercy and compassion known!"

Thus did HUMANITY his grief console,
And yield sweet comfort to Marida's soul;
Honorus felt a sacred pleasure rise,
Which beam'd with radiance in his melting eyes;
And old Marida felt his anguish quell'd.
Though *shame* remain'd,—fear was in part dispell'd;
Though earthly law his life would soon demand,
He look'd with comfort to a distant land;
Repentance true, was kindled in his breast,
And Faith beheld a peaceful realm of rest!

A kind adieu! Honorus bids, with tears,
And from the dungeon's gloomy walls retires.

As from the scene he hasten'd to the gate,
The awful *Scaffold* raised his secret hate;
A palid hue his quiv'ring lips o'er-spread,
And thus, with sorrow, to himself he said:

"Can humane laws delight in mortals' blood,
Or think this punishment produces good?
Will such a death deter the robber's breast,
Or rather court him farther to molest?
A *moment's shame* is all the wretch can feel,
Compared with those who in the *Transport* reel;
Or those, disgraced, who in the *Pilory* stand;
Or those consign'd to toil in foreign land.

Why blood for blood ?—is such the Christian's rule ?
Is this the verdict of reflection cool ?
'An eye for eye,'—'a tooth for tooth,' we read,
Can never form the peaceful Christian's creed !
O may HUMANITY her sceptre sway,
And every nation her commands obey !
Then shall the *Scaffold* change for Mercy's school,
And the dread *Cord* for mild Correction's tool ;
Then every rebel learn, by that controul,
His guilt and folly, with distress of soul ;
Till deep Repentance prove his sorrow true,
And future days declare his value too !

"Albion, rejoice ! thy Sovereign still reveres
Her glorious laws and her instructions hears ;
Bids smiling Mercy spread her angel-wing,
And joyful tidings to the prisoner bring :
Hail then with songs of grateful joy and love,
Those heavenly virtues which the bosom move !
May future years enjoy this gentle sway,
Proud to submit and willing to obey !"

THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

HARK ! the sweet notes from sable Afric's strand
Borne by soft Zephyrs to Britannia's land !
Those pleasing sounds a grateful joy inspire—
Rival the music of the Grecian lyre,—

Those tender accents, from her melting heart,
Excel the tones Eolian harps impart!

Long had she dwelt a stranger to delight,
And scenes of sorrow met her mournful sight;
Rapine and Murder stain'd her sons with gore,
Or Slavery bore them to a distant shore!

As o'er the grave, where her loved infant sleeps,
In sorrow's weeds the mournful Mother weeps;
So sable Africa, lamenting, viewed
Her children tortured, and her power subdued;
Wept to behold the Empress of the Main
Prepare new shackles and the servile chain.

But lo! HUMANITY, with aspect bland,
Waves her mild sceptre o'er Britannia's land!
Britannia bows and owns her sov'reign sway,
Although she never yields a *tyrant* to obey!

Swift to fulfil the sacred task, she flew
To ease the pains the sons of Slavery knew;
To break their shackles and their yoke consume,
And to destruction her harsh empire doom,—
To raise sad Africa, her *right* decree,—
And to her shores proclaim sweet *Liberty!*
But Slavery call'd Oppression to her aid,
With Avarice—Father of th' accursed trade,—
Bade strong defiance to Britannia's power,
And seem'd to triumph, as in victory's hour!

HUMANITY call'd forth a favourite son,
To guard the Empress and protect her throne;
With sacred eloquence and truth divine,
To plead her cause,—her forces to combine;
Oppression fled,—mean Avarice blush'd with shame,
Britannia triumph'd, with a glorious fame;
Banish'd the Monster from her peaceful land,
And gave to Africa her conquering hand;
Declared her land, a land of Liberty,—
Proclaim'd her *Sister*—and her children free!

Now gratitude within her throbbing breast,
(Whose heaving sighs are scarcely yet suppress'd,)
Pours forth the accents of her humble praise
To fair Britannia, in melodious lays;
Britannia hears the strains,—she weeps with Joy,
And hails *that Power* which did her arm employ.

HUMANITY DISPLAYED IN THE CONDUCT OF JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS! in thee, HUMANITY did sway
Her soft controul, and bless thy every way!
Benevolence pure accompanied thy feet,
Adorn'd thy heart and shed its influence sweet!

Shall faint eulogiums to thy name be raised,
When Heaven's own voice thy matchless virtues praised ?
They stand recorded, and our thoughts engage,
With simple beauty, in the *Sacred Page ;*
" Jesus of Naz'reth, who went doing good,"
Heal'd each disease,—the hungry fill'd with food ;
Or when from Heaven the sacred sanction came,
" This is *my Son,* in whom well pleased I am !"

With pious pleasure, I attend thy steps
To yonder City where the widow weeps ;
See, with delight, the pity of thy soul,
And view Compassion in thy bosom roll.
Yes ! thou didst feel for human grief and woe,
And knew'st the pains the sons of Misery know ;
Nain's widow claim'd thy sympathizing tear,
And Pity bade thee stop the mournful bier !
A mother following to the silent tomb
A much-loved son,—cut off in early bloom,—
A *widow* too ! who bore an *only* son
To join the ashes of a father gone !
Scene of distress ! HUMANITY must grieve !
Nature commands a tribute we should give.
Who can forbear ? Sure Apathy must turn
And find some feeling in its bosom burn ?
Jesus ! thy breast, which scenes less painful moved,
With soft compassion must have been subdued !
" Weep not," thy lips proclaim'd ; methinks I hear
The tender accents sounding in my ear ;

See thy soft touch, arm'd with almighty power,
Dispel Death's shades and cheer the gloomy hour;
View him restored to her who mourned her woe,
To quell her suffering and his aid bestow;
To be her stay through life's declining years,
And safe conduct her through this vale of tears!

Or shall I view thee bend thy willing feet,
Where Martha rose her much-loved Lord to meet;
Where Lazarus lay in Death's serene embrace;
Where Mary wept and mourn'd thy friend's decease?
There I behold thy troubled spirit sigh,
And mark the melting of thy pitying eye;
See Nature's feelings struggle in thy breast,
And view thy pity in thy deeds express'd.

Where'er thy footsteps, with delight, I trace,
I view thy love and every heavenly grace;
The balm of sorrow and affliction's cure,
Display'd in pity and affection pure!

Thy spotless character, O Friend of Man!
Requires no praises from my humble pen;
By sacred Truth, with faithfulness, portray'd,
Drawn without splendour or a vain parade;
In softest tints thy heavenly virtues shine,
And beam thine honour with a ray divine!

O may I view, with ever fresh delight,
This pleasing picture!—lovely to my sight!

View the fair model, and, admiring, strive
Thy love to copy, and like thee to live!

CONCLUSION.

Is there a *Pearl* which decks a mortal's breast,
With radiant lustre and of worth possess'd,
Whose value equals India's rich domain,
Where sparkling stones and glittering rubies reign?
'Tis bright HUMANITY, a matchless Gem!
Graceful beyond the Monarch's diadem.

Is there an *Incense* that ascends the skies,
Pure, holy, sweet, and precious in *His* eyes,
Who views with joy *His* much-loved subjects bring
Their willing tribute to their God and King?
HUMANITY could boast, (if boast she should,)
Her Incense pure and pleasing to her GOD!

Is there a *Flower* which decks this lower sphere,
And yields its fragrance to the fanning air;
Which glows with beauty of celestial die,
And charms, with softness, the observing eye;
Whose varied tints, nor wither nor decay,
Whose fragrant odours ne'er exhale away,
Whose stem endures the winter's keenest frost,
And all the nippings of the piercing blast?

'Tis fair HUMANITY! unfading Flower!
Whose beauty heightens with each fleeting hour;
Whose odours sweet, a rich perfume impart,
That cheers the bosom and revives the heart.
Long shall it flourish in the noble breast,
Till its loved sons shall sink to peaceful rest;
And in yon world, beyond the Wintry tomb,
Shall live and flourish in immortal bloom!

ON THE HOPE OF A RESURRECTION;

Occasioned by the death of William Britcher. This amiable, highly talented, and respected young man, died at Rolvenden, Kent, March 14, 1809, in the 20th year of his age.

> Short was his journey to the silent tomb;
> His path o'ershaded by affliction's gloom:
> With sweet content the darksome vale he trod,
> In meek submission to the will of God!

HAIL, glorious hope! rich treasure of the soul!
Thou best of blessings from a hand Divine;
O may each passion yield to thy controul,
And nature's tears with all thy joys combine.

Yes! though no more his mortal tongue shall charm,
Nor sweet instruction from his lips shall flow;
Though friendship's flame no more his breast shall warm;
No more his presence grace these scenes below;—

Though the fond bosom heaves the mournful sigh;
Though friendship's falling tear laments its loss;
Still, hope stands pointing to the realms on high,
Prepared by Him who triumph'd o'er the cross.

On wings of faith to those bright courts we soar,
And view that future land of life and peace,
Where we shall meet *him* whom we now deplore,
Where friendship's sacred joys shall never cease.

Come, Hope! and take sweet Comfort by the hand;
Thy lovely sister, of Religion born;
In every breast thy cheering power expand,
That we may hail the ever-glorious morn!

BENEVOLENCE.

Let the tear of compassion besparkle the eye,
Where humanity reigns in the breast;
Let the kind hand of bounty for ever be nigh,
To succour and raise the distress'd.

When the keen cutting blast pierces Poverty's cot,
And winter spreads horror around;
How painful the scene, how hard is the lot,
Where distress and affliction abound!

But the sweets of Benevolence soften the woe,
And emotions of comfort impart;
The cravings of hunger no longer they know,
Nor cold's bitter anguish and smart.

Behold! while around the warm hearth they reside,
How their bosoms with pleasure expand;
O see, with what joy the bless'd loaf they divide,
Which fell from fair Charity's hand!

Let the victor return with his trophies of war,
And his brow with the laurel be crown'd;
Let the shouts of his triumph be heard from afar,
And his country his praises resound;

Yet ne'er shall the olive his temples adorn,
Nor the myrtle be twined in the wreath;
His praise, by the widow shall never be borne,—
Nor the dying a blessing bequeath.

But hear, O ye breasts, where Benevolence dwells,
The thanks of the sick and the poor;
Behold, how each bosom with gratitude swells,
For the blessings which flow from your store!

ON SPRING.

O THIS is the time, the joyous time,
To wander the wood's wild glen ;
Or climb to the mountain's top sublime,
Or to pace the bright mead's scene :

O'er the balmy garden's path to tread,
With a heart of joy and love ;
And breathe the full life of beauty, spread
All around—beneath—above.

The snows are gone, and the Winter's past,
And clouds with o'erflowing showers ;
For Spring peeps forth, with no piercing blast,
And bespangles earth with flowers.

The notes of the lark, in his morning lay,
Now call us to regions above ;
The voice of the turtle, now closes the day,
With the music of purest love.

The lambkins skip, on the sloping bank,
With the glee of youthful mirth ;
All nature joins in the joyful rank
Of the scenes which adorn the earth.

For now is the time the Vine shines forth
With tendrils— pleasing and fair,—
And the Fig-tree owns the genial worth
Of the Spring's bright, balmy air.

Arise, then, come to all nature's scene,
For she spreads delight around;
And if you seek, with a mind serene,
True pleasure is sure to be found!

FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND CONFINED BY ILLNESS.

Let the bright flame, which prompts my feeble lay,
Glow in your breast and spread its cheering ray,—
That we may jointly own the tender sway
Of Friendship!

Her power confess'd, I trust you will excuse
The fervent breathings of my humble muse,
While in her lines, the sacred power she views
Of Friendship!

O let us an unfading wreath entwine,
And kindred souls in lasting union join,—
That we may bow before the sacred shrine
Of Friendship!

Her altars long have smok'd with rich perfume,
The willing sacrifice we now resume ;
May the sweet off'ring bear th' immortal bloom
Of Friendship !

If plenty smile upon our homely board,
And prosperous days life's luxuries afford,—
Then shall the generous hand be richly stored
With Friendship !

Should want's pale visage in our cot appear,
And we be doom'd adversity to bear,
Yet may we then the choicest blessings share
Of Friendship !

If health's gay mantle o'er our necks be cast,
And sad affliction's gloomy hours be pass'd,
The bless'd emotion, shall for ever last,
Of Friendship !

Or is affliction still our lot below,
Yet shall the heavenly plant unceasing grow ;
And we shall taste the sacred joys which flow
From Friendship !

And when the stroke that breaks the tender tie
Shall call affection's tear from either eye,
And cause the breast to swell ;
Still shall it view the glorious realms above,
Where perfect Friendship, with her sister Love,
Shall ever, ever dwell !

ON SEEING AN INFANT PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

Ah! little babe! thou dost not know
The stream of time—its ebb—its flow;
Moments and hours and days and years
Will pass, before forthcoming fears
Draw down the thought of Time's advance,
Which will, each hour, each thought enhance.

I love to see thine opening mind
Striving with eagerness *to find:*
And be it instinct, mind, or power,
Thou can'st not yet make out the hour
Which older minds can note, or mark,
In noontide's ray or evening's dark.

Thy little hand, in vain, may strive
To touch the hand which seems alive;
There is a glass, yet unperceived,
Which stops thy little fingers' speed.
Thou may'st turn o'er and o'er the *thing*
To find the power—to learn the spring—
Whence motion flows,—but all in vain,
Till riper years the cause explain.

And so, dear babe, it is with man;
Nature's vast round he cannot span:

He cannot all her depths explore,
Or find the limits of her shore.

There is a screen which Heaven has spread
O'er the dark dwelling of the dead;
A glass o'er time—eternity—
Which stops his closest scrutiny:
Yet still he watches years, which tell
Of passing ages' solemn knell—
When moments, hours and days and years
Expire—and then——Eternity appears!

SOLILOQUY IN A SUMMER-HOUSE.

The bustle of commerce I cheerfully shun,
To seek this delightful retreat;
Which yields a soft shade from the heat of the sun,
Where pleasure and solitude meet.

Adieu to the sons of commotion and noise,
Their scenes of disturbance and care;
I seek to obtain calm serenity's joys,
Unmix'd with anxiety's fear.

Adieu to the scenes of distraction and strife,
To passion's tormenting alarms;
They do but embitter the cordial of life,
And rob even home of its charms.

Adieu to the scenes of gay fashion, so vain,
Where envy and jealousy dwell!
Distress and vexation attend in their train,
While the bosom with folly they swell.

Within this sweet quiet, where peace shall reside,
Reflection's bright mirror I place—
Survey all their pleasures—to trouble allied—
And frail as a temple of glass.

Fair Virtue must shine as the parent of joy,
The only unfading and pure;
Unsullied with anguish—unmix'd with alloy—
Whose beauties for ever endure.

Ye scenes, then, of vanity, tumult, and care,
I cheerfully bid you adieu!
For here would I breathe in serenity's air,
And sweet meditation renew.

ON BEHOLDING A MONUMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE, AT COLDWELL, NEAR ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.

The melancholy event, which occasioned the erection of the monument, happened on Sept. 14th, 1804. J. Warre, Esq., of Hendon, Middlesex, accompanied by Mrs. Warre and four of their children, made the

excursion down the Wye from Ross, in a pleasure-boat, intending to go to Monmouth. When they arrived at the above-named point they brought the boat to anchor, and sat down to enjoy a cold collation. After their repast, their son was induced, by the fineness of the day, to bathe; when unfortunately being, as it is supposed, seized with the cramp, he instantly sank in the presence of the family. The boatmen were gone into the adjoining wood to gather nuts; when being alarmed by the shrieks, they returned instantly, and, after some ineffectual efforts, succeeded in bringing the body to shore: it was conveyed to a neighbouring hut, where every means with which the party was acquainted was used to restore animation, but without effect. The corpse was afterwards removed to Monmouth, and buried in the churchyard, amidst the tears of surrounding spectators.

The monument bears this Inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of John Whitehead Warre, who perished near this spot, whilst bathing in the river Wye, in sight of his afflicted Parents, Brother, and Sister, on the 14th Sept. 1804, in the 16th year of his age.

"God's will be done!

Who, in his mercy, hath granted consolation to the parents of the dear departed, in the reflection that he possessed truth, innocence, filial piety, and fraternal affection, in the highest degree,—that, but a few moments before he was called to a better life, he had (with a never-to-be-forgotten piety) joined his family in joyful thanks to his Maker for the restoration of his mother's health. His Parents, in justice to his amiable virtues and excellent disposition, declare he was void of offence towards them.

With humbled hearts they bow to the Almighty's dispensations, trusting through the medium of His blessed Son, he will mercifully receive their child, he so suddenly took to Himself.

"This monument is here erected to warn parents and others how they trust the deceitful stream, and particularly to exhort them to learn and observe the directions of the Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned. Alas! it is with the extremest sorrow here commemorated what anguish is felt from the want of this knowledge.

"The lamented youth swam very well, was endowed with great bodily strength and activity, and, possibly, had proper application been used, might have been saved from his untimely fate. He was born at Oporto, in the kingdom of Portugal, on the 14th Feb. 1789; third son of James Warre, of London and of the county of Somerset, Merchant, and Eleanor, daughter of Thos. Grey, Esq., of Belfast.

"Passenger, whoe'er thou art, Spare this Tomb! It is erected for the benefit of the surviving, being but a poor record of the grief of those that witnessed the sad occasion of it. God preserve you and yours from such calamity! May you not require their assistance, but if you unfortunately should, the Apparatus, with directions for their application by the Humane Society for the saving of persons apparently drowned, are lodged at the church of Coldwell."

On the reverse side:

"It is with great gratitude acknowledged by the Parents of the deceased, that permission was gratuitously and most obligingly granted, for the erection of this monument here, by William Vaughan, Esq., of Courtfield, the proprietor of the Land."

'Mid scenes of grandeur and delight,
Rudely romantic and august—
The rising mountain's lofty height,
The barren rock's slow crumbling dust;

Or circling Wye, with wave serene,
The aspiring corn—the fertile mead;
Pleasing reverse! enchanting scene!
The enamour'd traveller loves to tread.

Here admiration calls aloud,
While Nature claims the wondering eye;
Yet Pity finds her sway avow'd,
And gives the tribute of a sigh.

Here stands, by love parental raised,
A record of parental grief;
Sacred to one, for virtue praised,—
To tell the want of kind relief.

Affecting sight! the falling tear
Of sympathy bedews the cheek,
The purling stream, soft flowing near,
The accents of the bosom speak.

Ah! virtuous youth! the lovely charms
Which graced thine heart, and warm'd thy soul,—
The energy which nerved thine arms,
The skill which show'd thy mind's controul;

All were inadequate to save
From the deceitful, fatal stream;
Quench'd in its deeply treacherous wave
Thy glowing virtues ceased to beam!

Thy hapless fate, some lesson pure,
May teach the young and tender mind;
Though Virtue cannot dwell secure,—
In virtue true delight we find.

Though dire misfortune closed thy days,
Nor Virtue screen'd her much-loved son;
Yet, the false charms of Folly's ways
She bids her youthful pupils shun.

'Tis she who guides the youthful breast
From the more treacherous stream of vice;
And, with her admonitions bless'd,
Saves them from folly's precipice.

May Virtue fair, my footsteps lead,
Far from the scene where Folly reigns;
In Wisdom's pleasant ways to tread,
And dwell upon her peaceful plains.

Then be my fate, O youth! like thine,
Untimely,—yet prepared to die;
Or view I man's serene decline,
She'll smooth Death's path, and hail Eternity!

ON VISITING THE TOMB OF MR. JOHN KYRLE,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS "THE MAN OF ROSS."

Rest honour'd Shade!
In peaceful slumbers rest!
Thine hallow'd tomb, where Virtue sleeps,
Where Mercy sighs, where Pity weeps,
Be ever, ever bless'd!

Here let no foot, unhallow'd, dare to tread;
Hither shall grateful poverty repair,
And to thy memory drop the mournful tear,
While she recalls each act of mercy done;
Here shall respect her tribute pay,
In silent praise, or artless lay,
To Mercy's favour'd son.

Hither Instruction shall retire,
And lead the soul untaught to feel
The charms which Pity can inspire;
Here shall she fan Compassion's fire—
Till, through each nerve, the glowing flame shall steal;
And he, to whom compassion was unknown,
Shall make her pleasures and delights his own.

Rest honour'd shade!
In peaceful slumbers rest!
While Mercy fair beholds another son,
Striving to copy what her KYRLE has done!

ON PROVERBS xxx. & ISAIAH xl.

Sublime the thought! yet soaring high,
As with the eagle's powerful wing,
Fain would I now a strain apply
In homage to our God and King.

O'er the wide circle of the earth—
O'er the infinitude of spheres—
Around immensity's broad girth—
His throne stands firm though nature veers.

Let thought be centred for a time;
Our sun the pivot of our sphere:
Who has ascended the sublime—
Where planets roll in bright career?

Or who has trod th' unfathom'd base
Of ocean's wide and trackless wave?
Who in his arm, with close embrace,
Can clasp the wind when tempests rave?

Who, 'midst convulsive rage of storm,
When lightnings fly and thunders roar,
Has folded in his robe the form
Of calmness seen and felt before?

Or who hath delved the depths of earth,
And laid its firm foundation sure ?
Or fix'd its bounds ? or, at its birth,
Decreed the time it shall endure ?

What is the name—or father's name—
Of him who claims this matchless might ?
Shall feeble mortals dare to claim
The Great Creator's ancient right ?

Like insects floating in the air,
Or skipping on the mossy bank,
Can man presume that right to share,
Or with the Holy One to rank ?

Whence did eternal counsel spring ?
Whence skill, correctness, order, time ?
Not human thought could ever bring
A plan of systems so sublime !

O ! Thou adorable I AM !
All Nature's God—all wise, all kind !
Creation owns thy sov'reign name,
And lauds the power to love assign'd.

Yet still the humble, contrite heart
Is an abode of thy delight;
O then, thy choicest gifts impart,
And cheer my soul with heavenly light !

AUTUMN.

Lo ! Autumn comes, in gorgeous vest,
  A thousand tints, a thousand shades,
Upon his flowing mantle rest—
  As each of Spring's fair children fade !

It is a scene for solemn thought,
  As well as admiration's eyes ;
Pure is the lesson which is taught,
  As, in the mind, reflections rise.

The fading leaves, now with'ring on,
  Each in succession—until *all*
Speak what the march of time *has* done,—
  So generations rise and fall.

Each bud, each glowing leaf, in Spring,
  Like infancy and youth and age,
Speak to the mind what Time *will* bring—
  When all must quit this mortal stage.

Yet Winter's cheerless gloom will cease ;
  Forth from the tomb each germe will rise ;
And Death will, too, his charge release
  At Heaven's command in fairer skies.

A DREAM.

In majestic splendour Phœbus was sinking in the western sky; soft Zephyrs wafted the odours of the enamelled meads; the luxuriant vale resounded with the mellow notes of the sooty blackbird; when, leaving the noisy town, I wandered near a winding stream, whose flowery margin charmed the eye, while its gentle murmurs saluted the listening ear. Delighted with the scene, I approached an aged oak, beneath whose shady arms was placed a rustic seat, which frequently invited the weary traveller to repose. Seating myself, I beheld with grateful joy the beauty of the scene which surrounded me, and looking 'through nature up to nature's God,' I exclaimed, 'How excellent is thy name through all the earth!' 'my meditation of Thee shall be sweet!'

On a sudden, I felt my senses repressed, and I sank into the arms of sleep. The thoughts which occupied my mind before, produced to my imaginary view the following scene:

Methought I was walking in a shady grove, musing on the wonders and beauties of creation, when I beheld advancing towards me a female, whom I supposed, by the appearance of her dress, to be a native of the earth; but, on her nearer approach, she indicated celestial origin. Her countenance depicted a mind full of serious joy; calmness was seated on her brow, and penetration

darted from her eye. She accosted me, inquiring the subject of my meditation in so familiar and engaging a manner, that I could not refrain from informing her.

"Happy am I," she replied, "to meet with you; let me accompany you:" so leaning on my arm, we walked onward. "The subject," continued she, "is one of great moment, and to assist mankind in the acquirement of such important knowledge, I am commissioned from my angelic abode, by Him who is the Creator of all these sublime and beautiful works. Man, without my assistance, would be on a level with yon playful lambs," (pointing through an avenue to a neighbouring field,) "or perhaps would sink himself in the scale of being, by rejecting my advice, below the meanest brute. Governed by vitiated desires, his actions would no longer be innocent and pure, but fraught with evils destructive of his own happiness, and baneful to all around him; but by paying attention to the dictates I impart, he is able to ascend the topmost line, and to appear the image of his Maker. Without my aid he would be unable to contemplate the delightful scene which surrounds him, with any other pleasure than merely sensual enjoyment; but illumined with the rays which I beam into his mind, he is able to view it as the production of an all-intelligent and all-powerful Cause; and meditating on his existence, he is convinced that an Almighty Being is the author of the whole. Being thus led to acknowledge One Supreme Cause, he bows with humility and adores with joy. This imparts real plea-

sure; he lives happy in himself—yields delight and comfort to the rising age—and fully answers the design of his creation."

She ceased. I thanked her for her remarks, but observed, "You have omitted to notice the blessed *results* of our creation, the glorious rest which awaits the righteous in another state of existence."

"Ah, my young friend," she replied with a voice of tender affection, "you are ignorant of your companion. The object of my mission is not to instruct you in the path to realms of bliss beyond the grave; though many who have professed themselves my most firm and sincere friends, have endeavoured to persuade their fellow-men, that by following my precepts alone; by walking in those paths only which I have marked out, they will infallibly be conducted to the gates of heaven; but this, instead of being advantageous to my cause, has proved to be the reverse. It is attributing to me a knowledge which I do not pretend to possess, and which to attempt to teach, would derogate from the authority and dignity of my Sister, to whom alone is committed the important and invaluable chart which will instruct man in the knowledge of the dealings and dispensations of his God, and guide him to eternal glory. *She* is now sent by our great and benevolent Father, to visit this earth, and I am happy to have met with her; for although she has been here for many years, it is but lately that we have embraced each other; but I trust that henceforth we shall continue to dwell near each other, till we have

finished the work in which we are engaged. I will introduce you to her."

"May I be favoured with your name?" I asked of my companion.

"My name is Reason," she replied, "and my sister's, Revelation."

"Reason and Revelation sisters!" I exclaimed; "it cannot be;" and was tearing myself from her, fearing my rashness had led me into error.

Perceiving my surprise, "Fear not," said she; "I well know the prejudices which some entertain against me, and the assiduity with which they strive to sow animosity in the breasts of my own friends and those of my sister's; and, as I before mentioned to you, some of my friends, and many of those who profess to pay great attention to the precepts of my sister, totally refuse to listen to her advice, when she solicits them to regard me as her near relative."

Satisfied of the fallacy of the notions which I had imbibed, I solicited her pardon and desired her to fulfil her kind promise.

We now proceeded by a path where brambles a little impeded my progress, (owing to the little use made of it, he high road not lying in our direction,) but by perseverance and the kind instruction and assistance of my guide, we eventually beheld the habitation to which we were going.

The humble appearance of the cottage at first made me almost wish that I had taken the other way; but

my companion assured me, that, on due inspection, I should think differently. We now arrived, and I immediately felt my former wishes banished; and perfect, unspeakable joy took possession of my feelings as Reason knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by Revelation, and we were saluted and welcomed.

While I was engaged in admiring the charms of this new acquaintance, which were superior to those of her sister, Reason was informing her of the motive and object of our visit, and begged she would take me under her tuition. "I will still accompany you," she said, addressing herself to me, "for I love to hear the gracious promises of my Father to the children of men, and rejoice to assist my relative in her pleasing employment."

"Cheerfully," replied Revelation, "will I do it. My voice is to the sons of men. My son, keep my words; lay up my commandments within thee; bind them upon thy fingers; write them upon the tablet of thy heart; more precious are they than rubies, and all thou canst desire is not to be compared with them. Length of days is in my right hand, and in my left riches and honour; my ways are pleasantness, and my paths peace, to such as keep my covenant and my testimony. Blessed are they that obey my commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city, the heavenly Jerusalem, the church of The First-born."

She then presented me with a telescope, which she called Faith, and, bidding me look through it, I beheld the holy city. 'It had no need of the sun, neither of

the moon, to shine upon it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof.'

The splendour of the scene was so great, that I awoke from my slumbers, filled with 'wonder, love, and praise.'

THE MAID OF JUDAH,

BY SLOMAN.

"No more shall the children of Judah sing,
The lay of the happier time,
Or strike the harp with the golden string
'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime.

"This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
Though not in her father's bowers;
Sweetly she sang, as in silence she stray'd
O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.

"'Oh! where are the sons of thy ancient race,
Who were born but the jav'lin to bear?
Fall'n is that city whose wreck I now trace,
Tho' once it was lovely and fair!

"'The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
Where once grew the sweetest flowers;
Land of my kindred! thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
While the ruin remains of these towers.'"

A RESPONSE.

Oh, no! for again in their father-land,
Shall the children of Judah sing;
And nobler strains from the chosen band
Through the palace of Zion ring.

The harp on the willow no longer hangs,*
Nor tears by the streamlet flow;
No longer the ruins and breaches cause pangs†
To the heart of the captive in woe.

This, this was the theme, which a Hebrew bard,
In the vale of Tekoah sang;‡
With heart all entranced and the deepest regard,—
While his strains through the wilderness rang.

O! there comes a day, like the days of old,§
Which our future race shall see;
The Eastern clime shall bright scenes unfold,
To our people—holy and free.

Where now the plough has our city made bare,‖
And the fields all desolate lie,
Shall rise the high temple, all splendid, all fair,—
And the vine with the olive shall vie.**

The pruning-hook then shall the jav'lin displace,—††
The stream bear no galley with oars;‡‡
But young men and maids, of our ancient race,§§
Shall inhabit its peaceful shores!

* Ps. cxxxvii. 1, 2. † Amos ix. 11. ‡ Amos i. 1.
§ Amos ix. 11. ‖ Luke xxi. 6.
** Zech. viii. 12; Hosea xiv. 6, 7.
†† Isaiah ii. 4; Micah iv. 3. ‡‡ Isaiah xxxi. 21.
§§ Zech. ix. 17.

A BIRTH-DAY EPISTLE,

To a Brother on his reaching his 21st year.

Brother, this morn, my willing lay
Welcomes thy manhood's natal day;
The tributary verse shall prove,
A pledge of my fraternal love.

Bound to my heart by nature's laws,
That bond to thee my feelings draws;
With mutual love the knot we own,
Which makes our kindred feelings one.

The name of Brother, sacred name!
Where virtue stamps the seal of claim;
That sacred name in thee I'll hail,
With virtuous pride, till virtue fail.

Shall virtue fail?—be gone the thought!
Thy mind with heavenly wisdom fraught,
Knows well the course thy feet must run,
Virtue to keep and vice to shun.

Thy days of childhood now are o'er,
The years of youth will come no more;
Their errors, thoughts, and deeds, are gone;
Time binds thee now with manhood's zone,

In days to come, (and may they be,
Many as health and joy can see!)
New scenes, new duties, will arise,
To claim thy heart and cheer thine eyes.

Still keep thy mind on virtue staid—
Tho' vice assault and fools upbraid;
Fix'd be thy heart and trust in God,
To guide thee with his heavenly rod.

Long may our earthly parents see,
With secret joy, from anguish free,—
That truth and wisdom's joys refined,
Adorn thy life and bless thy mind.

And may our heavenly Father view,
The path thy manly feet pursue,
With secret yet approving eye,—
Prelude of joys reserved on high.

These feelings do my bosom fire;
These are the hopes thy deeds inspire.
Still live, my brother, thee I'll hail,
With virtuous pride, till virtue fail.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CLARKSON,

An Ensign in the North York Regiment of Militia, who died July 25, 1808, aged 15 years.

His death was occasioned by an accident which occurred in the morning. The third division of the regiment was on its march from Cranbrook to Maidstone. By desire of a senior officer, Clarkson was mounted on that officer's horse, which, being very spirited, ran away. Clarkson fell entangled in the stirrups and was dragged a considerable distance. When taken up, he was so much lacerated that he soon expired; and was buried on the following day in the churchyard, Cranbrook, where a stone is erected to his memory.

Though not allied by nature's sacred tie,
  Though not united by sweet friendship's bond,
On wings of sympathy my muse would fly,
  And join the circle of his kindred fond,—

Yet I would drop a tributary tear;
  Compassion justly claims the pitying sigh.
When youth is call'd to press th' untimely bier
  Let sorrow's dew-drop dwell in every eye.

Ah, hapless youth! how soon thy race is run!
  How sudden Death's deep, fatal, final wound!
Within the space of one revolving sun—
  In health's fair robe—in death's pale shroud thou'rt found!

Those noble thoughts, which once thy breast inspired,
Those seeds of honour in thy bosom sown;
Alas! how soon the glowing flame's expired!
How soon anticipated joys are flown!

Thy peaceful sword ne'er caused a heart to moan;
No fellow-creature by thine arm was slain;
Ne'er didst thou hear the deep expiring groan
Of dying victims, on th' ensanguin'd plain.

No laurel wreaths around thy brows appear;
No high achievements by thy hands were done;
No mother lives to curse thy ruthless spear;
No father mourns that thou didst slay his son.

Ye relatives! repine not at his doom,
(Alike may fall the young, the gay, the brave,)
Though no eulogium shall adorn his tomb,—
No trophy glitter at his peaceful grave!

ON REPEATED ACCIDENTS BY FIRE.

What mournful tidings meet the listening ear!
What dreadful scenes are pictured to our view!
O! can our eyes restrain the falling tear?
O! can our breast the heaving sigh subdue?

Scarce the revolving week can wing its round,—
Scarce Phœbus can his daily circuit run,—
But we're arrested with the solemn sound
Of what the dreadful ravager has done!

Behold that child, to-day fair beauty's self,
Its mother's glory and its father's pride;
To-morrow! oh to-morrow! ere 'tis past,
It has in pain excruciating died!
And oft we hear of youth, elate and gay,
One hour exulting loud in pleasure's train;
In health's sweet exercise he leads the way—
The next, on beds of agonizing pain!

The hoary head a hapless victim falls,
Deprived of power to quench the raging foe;
The absent friend hears not the feeble calls,
And nature sinks in wretchedness and woe!
Oh! from such scenes may we some warning take,
To guard the helpless and defend the young,—
That tears may cease from Pity's eye to break,
Nor tales of misery dwell upon the tongue!

THE STAR OF KENT,

A SONG SUNG ON THE CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

Ye true-born sons of the freeman's coast,
  Come, hail th' auspicious day!
The unconquer'd mind is a nation's boast,
  And rules with a sov'reign sway:
Yet still to the Star of Kent we bring
The plaudit of joy on Loyalty's wing!

We hail Victoria—Queen of the Brave,
  As Britannia's sons must be;
Her banner floats o'er the foaming wave—
  And her standard marks the free!
While thus to the Star of Kent we bring
The plaudit of joy, we Liberty sing.

The friends of peace will the day proclaim,
  For the Day-star shines on high;
And we hail our youthful Sov'reign's name
  As the pledge of Victory,—
And bring to the Star of Kent the praise
Freedom entwines with fadeless bays:—

And long may she reign o'er her native isle,
  The pride of a nation's love!
May blessings from Heaven on freedom smile,
  And may all in concert move;
And then, to the Star of Kent shall roll
The plaudit of joy—from pole to pole.

A SONG SUNG ON THE CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S MARRIAGE.

With her crown upon her brow,
And the sceptre in her hand,
Victoria fills the British throne,
And holds its high command:
Her subjects hail their Queen
In accents bold and strong;
The trumpet sounds its sonorous notes
Which shall the strain prolong.
Then let the chorus swell
A full and free reply—
In glory may Victoria live,
And all her foes defy.

May her union happy prove—
May health her steps attend—
May freedom flourish through her reign—
Justice with mercy blend.
And we hail the wish'd-for day,
And hail the *nuptial tie,*
That knits the heart with a holy band
Of Love and sympathy.
Then let the chorus swell
A full and free reply—
In glory may Victoria live,
And all her foes defy.

In th' arms of her favour'd Prince
May she share in a *nation's* love,
May her reign be crown'd with the wreath of Peace—
Her banners float above ;
While her subjects bold and brave,
If her country's foes defy,
Victoria will their courage prove,
And on their strength rely.
Then let the chorus swell
A full and free reply—
In glory may Victoria live,
And all her foes defy.

ON A FINE SPRING MORNING.

How sweet the air ! how fair each scene !
How full of joy each field !
What balmy odours breathe around !
What lays the warblers yield !

Oh, how delighted I survey
Aurora's early ray,
That call's up nature's offspring all,
To hail the fragrant May !

Transported o'er the mead I walk,—
Across the varied lawn,—
Pursue the winding streamlet's course,
And mark the vernal dawn.

I raise my song to Him, on high,
From whom these beauties spring;
And, with ecstatic pleasure, cry
My God is Nature's King!

EJACULATION.

O my heart! my full heart!
I feel thy strong throe,
As my head now reclines
On the pillow of woe.
O yes! the shadowy forms
Foretell the evening hour,
When nature's strength shall fail—
Lost in Eternal Power!

ON PAINTING,

While seeing a brother-in-law taking a minature. I was at his death-bed, in September 1839, and witnessed his last mortal respiration; for which reason these lines are inserted.

H ail lovely art! whose pencil can portray
E ach varying feature, and each shade display;
N ature's rich beauties on the canvas shine,
R aised by thy power—O! could I call thee mine!
Y et, could I on the polish'd ivory trace

B eauty's sweet form and every lovely grace,—
O ! what true pleasure would the skill impart,
U nless upon the tablet of my heart
R eligion stood impress'd—and I could find
N ature's and wisdom's charms imprinted on my mind ?

ON THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

There is a thrilling thought,
By nature's dictates taught,
Which rolls along the stream of life ;
It pierces through the heart,
Like to a poison'd dart,
And brings along conflicting strife.

There is a falling tear,
When grief's full spring is near,
Which rolls adown the wan-like cheek ;
It waters sorrow's plain,
Like April's genial rain,
And makes the lofty spirit meek.

There is a glowing ray
Which wings its cheerful way,
With a benign and soothing scope ;
It stays 'midst grief's full tear,
From sorrow's eye ; to cheer
And form the heavenly bow of Hope !

ON THE DEATH OF W. KINGSFORD, Esq. BARTON.

Can Friendship's sigh permit the Muse's lay
To tell her grief—her mournful tribute pay,—
Her plaintive accents into numbers throw,
And tell, in verse, her sorrow and her woe?
Yes! every plaint she bids the Muse engross,—
Kingsford is dead, and Friendship mourns her loss!

In him each principle and grace did blend,
Which form the man, the parent, and the friend;
Base passions found not in his pious breast
A place to dwell,—for there was Virtue's rest:
Each worthy trait would memory engross,—
Kingsford is dead, and Friendship mourns her loss!

With soul obedient to his Maker's will,
Those joys were his, which Christian bosoms feel;
A peaceful mind—a cheerful heart—a tongue,
Which dwelt with raptures on the themes he sung:
His pious deeds would memory engross,—
Kingsford is dead, and Friendship mourns her loss!

Its kindly beams the sun of affluence shed
Around his path and on his virtuous head;
No avarice poison'd and no pride distain'd
The blooming plants which Charity had train'd:
Each generous deed the Muse would fain engross,—
Kingsford is dead, and Friendship mourns her loss!

With tongue and pen whence comfort sweet distill'd,
The wounded heart with sacred balm he fill'd ;
The orphan's wants—the widow's need relieved—
And heavenly pleasure in his acts received :
Why should the Muse each plaintive note engross,
Kingsford is dead, and widows mourn their loss !

And ah ! methinks I hear the mingled cries
Of youthful mourners with the widows' sighs,
Lament the loss of admonition's care,
No more his kind encouragement to share :
Nor Muse, nor Widows, shall each plaint engross,—
Kingsford is dead.—the young lament their loss !

Kingsford is dead ! through his connexions round,
Each mournful tongue repeats the plaintive sound,—
Dwells on his worth,—recounts each generous deed,—
And asks, ' Is there, who will our friend succeed ?
Whose hand, whose heart, whose tongue, whose pen, will join
To aid that cause and faith he deem'd divine ?'
Succeed there may ; but not his worth engross,—
Kingsford is dead ! and all lament the loss !

IMPROMPTU,

On leaving home to attend as one of the Jury at the County Sessions.

I go, my public duty to fulfil,
Against my wishes, and against my will;
For why should I o'er others' faults preside;
Or on their guilt or innocence decide?

Who knows the inward struggles of the mind?
Who knows the chains which human actions bind?
Who can perceive, with all-discerning eye,
The secret influence wrought by agony?

Crimes there may be, and are; but what am I,
Another's life to judge—his action's try,—
Before an unrelenting justice, where
All deeds deem'd wrong a punishment must bear?

Have I not crimes unnoticed, unobserved,
Whose chastening punishment is still deferr'd?
Let me, then, feel the infirmity of man,
While I a fellow-mortal's actions scan!

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE WALLS OF NEWGATE,

While my breakfast was preparing, and occasioned by seeing some Myrtles in the window of one department.

I saw the myrtle flourish in its bloom,
Where all beside was awe and solemn gloom :
Deep groans and lingering hours—uncertain fate—
Alike the inmates of these walls await.

O Myrtle ! why thy mellow leaf intrude
Where man must pine in gloomy solitude ?
Give place ; and let the Palm thy room supply,
Emblem of peace, of mercy, and of joy !

Let innocence oppress'd rise up and bloom,
And human error find a friendly tomb ;
Not where the iron grate—the deep cold vault—
Immures the victims of delusion's fault ;
But in the mild, the calm, the peaceful sod,
Where each may rest to meet his Judge, his God !

Come, the bless'd day, when Education's power,
Shall mine the basis of the prison-tower ;
When man shall learn, that vaults and gloom and chains
Mark the foul spot where sad oppression reigns ;
Where the poor victim feels the smarting pain
Of anger's blood, through anger's heated vein,

O come! and then the human race shall see,
That punishment is free from cruelty;
That its design is to correct and save
The mind of man, and make him good and brave.

SUICIDE,

A FRAGMENT.

Monster, avaunt! and hide thy demon head;
Hie to the caves where thy associates dwell;
Nor dare pollute the genial air of heaven.
Thy form terrific, and thine aspect stern,
Chill the fair breast, where heaven-born pity dwells.

Thou foe to Reason! dar'st thou to approach
Her hallow'd temple and profane her courts?
Withdraw thy foot;—she scorns thy company—
And bids thee keep away! Full well thou know'st
What terrors dwell upon thy ghastly brow;
Too terrible for Reason's eye to bear:
And knowing this, thou lay'st thy subtle plots
To gain possession of her sacred fane.

Forth from a dreary cave Vexation comes—
Daughter of Disappointment. In her eye
Envy injects a drop of poison dire;
While swift she flies behind the iron car

Of her, to whom she owes her birth. Alas!
While Reason fondly hopes for future joys,
Her parent, thy dear friend, frustrates those hopes,
And bids Vexation sway her baneful power,
Till Reason's conquer'd and her altar leaves.
Then dost thou follow, with thy syren sounds,
And offer peace, when thou hast none to give.
Thou cruel fiend! Art thou the sufferer's friend?
Nay! Thou art the augmenter of distress!
For, while thou yieldest thy pretended aid,
Thou dost increase surviving grief and woe.

Oft dost thou come, clad in Religion's vest,—
Impious the deed; but such dost thou approve!
Thy imps of darkness prosper thy design.
Wan Melancholy and abject Despair,
(Foes of true Virtue and Religion pure,)
Are thy assistants; to the half-taught mind
Thou look'st with pleasure as thy destined prey,
And hurl'st thy darts at him whom Wisdom true
For happiness had train'd and endless bliss.
O thou destroyer of delight and peace!
What honours thou to Superstition yield'st!
Around her brows thou ought'st to bind a wreath
Of noxious henbane, and the gloomy yew.

SOLEMNIZATION.

God of my life! accept the humble lay,
Which tunes thy praise—tho' words can ill convey
The fervent breathings of the grateful mind,
Or inward whisperings of a soul refined.
Too pure art Thou, that homage to receive,
Which mortals at an earthly shrine may leave:
Thine is the secret, the aspiring glow,
Which warms the heart with gratitude's full throe;
And, at the midnight hour, or blazing noon,
Speaks of its joys and owns each gracious boon,

O let my pillow witness to my prayer,
When silence reigns, and none but God is there;
O let my hopes to future blessings soar,
Aud thus surmount the evils I deplore:
Bid me be thankful for each mercy given,
And fit me thus for happiness and heaven!

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTH-DAY, AGED 50.

I see, on Century's circle, stand
The index with unerring hand,
And take the "note of time;"
Inscribed on fifty annals, trace
Its progress through the e'er-pass'd space,
And to its summit climb.

And oh! how short the by-gone days!
How checquer'd all the mazy ways
Which Time has written there!
My natal morn with joy was hail'd,
And youth's bright sun serenely sail'd
Through skies all calm and fair.

But now I read, and mark the page
Which full records declining age,
When evening's clouds arise;
See youthful vigour lost and fled,
And every youthful blossom shed,
And strength all withering lies!

Still onward to the bourn of life,
The hand of Time, through scenes of strife,
Must run its destined way;
No earthly power its speed controul,
Or stay the moments as they roll
On to the final day.

But is there not a Sovereign Power,
Who rules alike the natal hour,
And guides each fleeting year?
O yes! the planets, in their course,
Bespeak at once th' Almighty force
Which guides them in their sphere.

And mortal hours progressive run,
With rising and with setting sun,
Beneath His sovereign sway:

Then let me bow to His decree,—
The track of Time devoutly see,
And like the Hours obey!

TO MRS. D., ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY,

AGED 52.

Thy weeks of years their course have run,
Since on thy natal morn the sun
Shed its refulgent rays;
The agile step, the sprightly mirth,
Which erst could form thy youthful girth,
Droop with declining days!

Still, through the Summer's sultry heat,
And Winter's dreary, chilling sleet,
Thy track of time is seen;
Till now, once more, I raise the lay,
Affection's just-claim'd due to pay,
And think of what has been.

There is a time, the Sage hath said,
For all things which our God has made,
And fix'd their exit too!
O may we both His hand survey,
Ruling our sphere with sovereign sway,
And yield the homage due!

And though, nor bless'd with wealth, nor fame,
Nor station's pomp, nor herald's name,
We still have joys possess'd;
Though grief's sad clouds have dimm'd the scene,
Which once, all bright, all fair, serene,
Our youthful vision bless'd.

Those plighted vows we gave and took,
Roll, like the ever-flowing brook,
Midst gurgling falls and showers;
A checquer'd scene is human life,—
'Midst pleasure's joys, and care's rude strife,
All pass their destined hours.

Still let us hold that golden chain,
Which most securely shall maintain
The peace of social love;
In joy, rejoice with grateful mind,
In sorrow, strive to be resign'd,
And look to scenes above.

THE RUSTIC'S JOYS.

Nor the dread clamours of the ensanguined plain—
The cannon's roar—the trumpet's martial sound—
The cries of wounded, nor the numbers slain—
Nor weeping captives in their fetters bound,—

Not scenes like these now move my peaceful Muse,
Nor does the victor's triumph prompt her lay;
An humbler theme—a rural scene I choose,
And chaunt the pleasures of a Rustic's day.

Ah, Avarice! hide thyself within thy den,
Nor let thy breath its dire infection spread;
And Luxury, with all thy poisonous bane,
Be gone, far from our Rustic's lowly shed.

Retired from public view his cottage stands,
"Far in the windings of a woody vale;"
Where the majestic oak its arms expands,
And waves its branches to the western gale.

The murmuring stream rolls gently at its side,—
The banks with nature's sweet profusion spread;
The graceful lily—own'd the valley's *pride*—
Cowslips and violets richest odours shed.

Soon as bright Sol dispels the shades of night,
And beams his glorious rays around the earth,
To his accustom'd toil, with full delight,
Refresh'd by sleep, our labourer issues forth.

The rising larks their morning carols sing,
And charm his ear with their melodious sound;
The sooty blackbirds make the valley ring,
And all is joy and harmony around!

While o'er the wide-extended arch of heaven
In splendour rides the monarch of the day,
Till his bright chariot to its goal is driven,
And darts on other climes his glorious ray—

Our happy swain performs the daily task—
The land to plough—perchance to sow the grain;
Or, if the waving crop the sickle ask,
The pleasing toil he bears, nor heeds the pain.

And when the sable garb of eve is spread,
He winds his course to his domestic home;
Where his fond partner, by affection led,
Waiting, desires the wish'd-for hour to come.

See! he advances to the cottage-door,
Joy in his eye and pleasure in his heart;
Emotions sweet, though often felt before,
His smiling children to his soul impart.

Eager around their much-loved sire they press,
And wait the token of a parent's love;
His arms enfold them, they with joy caress,
While onward to the humble cot they move.

The frugal meal the mother now provides;
Behold them seated round the homely board;
Contentment here, with all her sweets resides,
Unmindful of the dainties of a lord.

Health and content in happy union reign,
And sway the sceptre of delight and peace;
This happy empire may they still retain,
And each succeeding day their joys increase!

A SPEECH IN FAVOUR OF IGNORANCE.

Mr. PRESIDENT,—Notwithstanding the numerous and forcible arguments which have been produced by former speakers, as the advocates of Knowledge, your well-known candour will allow me to rise as the defender of Ignorance.

I take for granted that all will allow the pithy expression of Gray, in his celebrated ode, "On the Prospect of Eton College:"

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

If, then, there be subjects or events, the knowledge of which causes anxiety, and ignorance of which affords peace, may I not, under the influence of my tutelar Saint, extend the assertion, and apply it to every subject in which the wise man delights?

The happiness of such an individual is merely imaginary—a fancy of the brain; but his pains, his toils, his uneasiness, are realities—as facts indubitably prove.

For instance, look at the man who is determined to

be wise. His countenance proves my assertion;—he has a pale, meagre visage—like that of a spectre risen from the tomb. His conduct adds to the testimony;—he poses over the pages of his books like a miser over his sordid pelf; his days are spent in the prison of his library; night is robbed of her ancient rights by his covetous hand, and the sickly taper is employed to dispel some of her pleasing shadows. The cheerful table cannot detain him from the idol of his heart. *Knowledge!* is his constant cry, Sir. "Knowledge is power" is his constant motto; but does it give greater energy and vigour to his frame; or render him more powerful to exert his physical strength? And when he has gained what he wished for, I ask, if he be happy? No, the phantom flies before him to some other path, which this angelic guide points out as necessary to be trodden. Well! he arrives at the end of that path; but happiness is not there. He sits musing awhile, and then repeats his favourite motto—"Knowledge is power!" "Labor ipse voluptas!"

Now, Sir, let me draw your attention to the ignorant man. His face shines like a jolly Bacchus; his pipe and his pot, his table and his bed, are all fully enjoyed: no short rest—no perplexing sentence—no overbearing syllogism—no difficult problem wastes his flesh and deprives him of his sleep! All is gaiety and mirth, or a settled countenance which indicates *how little* passes in his contented mind!

What happiness can it afford to a man to know how many stars there are of this size and how many of

that? whether the sun be nearer to us in Winter than in Summer? that there are countries warmer, and some colder than our own? that the human frame is the most curious and wonderful piece of mechanism—so that the eye alone would prove the existence of an infinite Mind and over-ruling Power?

The ignorant man enjoys the warmth and light of the Sun as well as the wise man; his eye perceives and enjoys the rich colours of the flower, and he can smell the fragrance of its perfumes, although he knows nothing of its stamina nor its petals. And, as to the knowledge of a Creator, as the object of adoration, love, and praise, it is *generally* allowed that "Ignorance is the mother of Devotion."

But, Sir, I am in duty bound to declare my objection to this sentence—true devotion is the child of Wisdom, the dictate of an instructed mind.

The wise man seems to prefer a vapour, which he calls intellectual pleasure, to real and solid gratification; he appears like a child—"pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw." But, Sir, the confession of the Sage of sages is, that "much knowledge increaseth sorrow," and "much study is wearisome to the flesh." What stronger testimony, then, can be required than that of experience? Sorrow may be seated on the wise man's brow, while the well-known adage stands unimpeachable—"A fool is known by his laugh."

AN ADDRESS TO THE GRAVE,

On the opening of the Burial-ground at the General Baptist Chapel, Cranbrook, Aug. 3, 1809.

With strains indignant shall the Muse address
Thy name, O Grave! Shall hatred prompt her lay?
Shall grief attempt to paint a gloomy face,
Or terror roughly mould thy harmless clay?

Rather the Muse would hail thee as a friend,
Beneath whose care the weary find repose;
Whose proffer'd aids to helpless age extend;
Where injured virtue no oppressor knows.

Taught by religion, she no longer fears
Thy seeming frowns, which strike the hasty view;
Nor longer shedding vain and useless tears,
Drops but the tribute to affection due.

Let him who walks by nature's glimmering light,
Nor knows the lustre of meridian day,
Lament the horrors of thy endless night,
And floods of sorrow at thy confines pay,—

While to thine arms his tender babe he yields,
Or views his friend, the dearest to his heart,
No longer treading life's enamell'd field,
But pierced by Death's unerring, fatal dart:

An " aching void" within his bosom reigns ;
He dreads to look upon thy peaceful form ;
And while he feels uncertainty's keen pains,
He pines in anguish and unmix'd alarm !

While he who owns the glorious beam divine,
Which gilds thy walls and lights thine inmost cell,
Can view, with joy serene, its lustre shine,
And find its power his every grief dispel.

Though o'er thy face we dropp'd the pearly tear,
As to thy trust we placed the wither'd flower ;
'Twas nature's claim, and not a gloomy fear
Wrought in our breasts by a terrific power.

O may I ever view thee as my home !
A peaceful home, prepared by heavenly love ;
Whither my frame or soon or late shall come,
To wait the joys of glorious realms above.

Then, when the solemn trumpet shall proclaim
The bright approach of Heaven's eternal day,
I'll bid adieu to thine uninjured name,
And quit the peaceful dwelling of thy clay.

THE HAPPY PEASANT;

An attempted Translation of "L'heureux Paysan." See Murray's "Recueil de Pièces."

Blest is the man, retired from public view,
No fears, desires, nor envy, fill his breast;
No pomp, nor noise, to break the peaceful rest
He now enjoys beneath the roof where once a child he grew.

On the same bank in former days he play'd,
Where, weary now, he does himself repose;
The well-known staff which bore his infant blows,
Now serves him as a useful prop on which his hands are laid.

Near to his cot a shady forest stands;
In early life he saw the saplings thrive;
And the thick oak which does him umbrage give,
An acorn he, in youthful days, held in his tender hands.

Precarious fortune never him enslaved,
Nor at her chariot was he forced to bend;
From clime to clime, his lowly state to mend,
He never roam'd and abject felt, when *happiness* he craved.

His bounteous orchard yields his table fruit,
And with the water of his fount content;
Ne'er to the neighbouring city was he sent;
For splendid scenes and noisy routs, his curiosity was mute.

He spends his days in labour and repose,
Nor with Rome's history himself concerns;
The number of the years he truly knows,—
But not by almanacks and feasts, but by the harvests' glad returns:

By divers tributes which each season gives,
Without the aid of book, divides the year;
He knows the spring by various flowers she bears,—
The autumn's gilded reign is shown, by fruits which he receives.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES SKINNER, JUN.

He was interred in the churchyard, Cranbrook. He was an excellent musician and vocalist,—the son of the Dissenting Minister who succeeded Noyes, the author of a beautiful poem, entitled "DISTRESS."

ALL hush'd are the sounds of the Tabor and Flute;
And the soft flowing chords of the Viol are mute;
For dropt is the arm which once swept its full strings,
And exhausted the breath which gave music its wings;

And still is the voice which ranged harmony's bounds,
And the heart which exulted at melody's sounds;
A rest undetermined—unmeasured the stave—
Which bereavement inscribes on the page of the Grave!

On the willow of grief shall the harp now be hung,
And anthems of cheerfulness cease to be sung;
The tear of regret and affection must flow,
And the fount of esteem form the streamlet of woe:
Through sympathy's channel its course shall be led,
To water the plant which now droops with the dead;
But shall shortly re-flourish where tears cease to lave,
In the garden of life 'yond the brink of the Grave.

And there shall affection no longer deplore,
And Friendship lament her lost object no more;
For hope whispers comfort thro' sorrow's dim scene,
And points to a region all bright and serene;
Where happiness pure, and unmingled delight,
Will all its bless'd subjects for ever unite;
Where all shall rejoice in that arm which can save
Mortality's sons from the power of the Grave.

RECITATION, BY A CHILD,

At an Annual Meeting of a Charity, conducted by a Committee Of Females, at Dover, Kent.

Ye Matrons, listen to the song
Your gen'rous deeds inspire;
No fair Polymnia rules my tongue,
Nor Erato my lyre.

Far from the poet's peaceful breast
Be every phantom driven;
He welcomes, as his only guest,
A visitor from heaven.

O Charity! thou sacred power,
Thine aid alone he prays;
If thou art absent from his bower,
In vain his noblest lays.

The tongue of man, or angel's voice,
Unaided by thy power,
Is but a vain, a foolish noise,
That passes with the hour.

But 'tis thy influence prompts the lay,
And bids the heart rejoice;
In kindred souls we view thy sway,
And hear thy gentle voice.

Hail! then, ye Matrons, you we hail,
With gratitude's delight;
O may your efforts wide prevail—
To chase affliction's night!

That gratitude we now express,
Whose sorrow ye relieve,
May others feel, and full possess,
For blessings which ye give.

Long may your honour'd names be bless'd,
And in our memory live—
Memorials of that high behest
Which prompts you to relieve.

Ample reward for all your care—
The happiness of those
Who in that gracious bounty share,
Which mitigates their woes.

Go, on! and prosperous be your cause—
The cause of heavenly love;
The poor shall shout your just applause,
And Heaven your deeds approve.

Like Dorcas, may your lives be dear
To those who dwell around;
And, when you've ceased to labour here,
Long may the fruit be found!

AN ADDRESS AT THE INTERMENT OF A CHILD.

Neighbours and Friends,

With what different emotions do the various classes of mankind approach the borders of the Grave!

The *careless* come to witness the solemn scene with minds devoid of reflection. The *sinner* approaches the tomb which receives the corpse of a relative, with a heart filled with dreadful apprehension of that day of righteous retribution, when the judgment of God will be revealed against the workers of iniquity. The disbeliever in Christianity beholds his companion and his friend committed to their mother earth, with feelings of anxiety and fear; being destitute of that hope which illumines the valley of Death! All is to him darkness; clouds and mists obscure the prospect of future life and happiness. The Christian approaches the sepulchre with a serene and devout solemnity; he consigns his beloved offspring or his affectionate friend to the cold embraces of the grave, with emotions of submission to the will of his Creator. Although he pays the tribute of affection which nature demands, and regrets the breaking of those bonds which united the parent to the child; although he sorrows at the loss of a friend, a relative, or a brother; yet his sorrow is blended with a joyful hope—his grief is mingled with feelings of resignation.

Wrong would it be not to shed the tear of regret—for our social affections are the gift of heaven; and Christianity cannot oppose them—yet makes our sorrow blessed, and teaches us not to sorrow as those who have no hope.

There is no voice that speaks with so much solemnity as the Grave: "the sound is gone out into the earth, and its summons to the end of the world;" and yet no voice is more disregarded. Death takes one on our right hand and another on our left,—the infant and the man of gray hairs—the youth and the man of maturity—the poor and the wealthy; the wise man and the unlearned are alike hurried to the Tomb—while their departure sounds the knell of admonition and bids *us* "to consider our latter end."

Happy that youth who can behold the wasting hand of consumption unterrified by its approach—happy that man of years who dreads not the decay of nature, nor the drawing near of dissolution.

Nought but Religion can yield this happiness; let Religion, then, be our delight!

We here behold an instance of the brevity and uncertainty of life—a bud not expanded into bloom—over which the wind of death has passed, and it is gone! Gone! Whither?—To the place whence it cannot return. Closed will be its leaves till the winter of Death is over, and the bright Sun of Righteousness shall arise with genial influence to usher in an everlasting Spring;—then, in fairer, in imperishable

colours shall it bloom, where no pestilential vapour shall injure, no blasting winds shall destroy. "It is sown in dishonour, but it shall be raised in glory."

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

Why should the heart restrain the sigh—
  Why should the eye withhold the tear—
When nature's bonds, and friendship's ties,
  Lie linkless on the solemn bier?

May not the human bosom swell—
  May not the Christian's heart expand,
In sweetest sympathy—and dwell
  On pleasures past and pleasures plann'd?

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered on August the 29th, 1830, in the Burial Ground, at the General Baptist Chapel, Cranbrook, on the interment of Mrs. Elizabeth Dobell, who died August 23rd, in the 70th year of her age.

> "Be mine the lot
> To taste with gratitude the gifts bestow'd;
> And justly prize the boon of life on earth,
> As the best prelude to a life in heaven."
>
> *The Infant's Death.*

DIED,

On Monday, August 23rd, in the 70th year of her age, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Joseph Dobell, of *Cranbrook*, Kent. She was the daughter of Thomas Benge, an active member in the General Baptist connexion, and Elizabeth Mason his wife, the sister of the late Dr. Mason, of the Fish Ponds, Bristol. She was born at Sudbury, in Gloucestershire. Her father fell a victim to the small-pox previously to her birth. From her earliest years she was trained in the ways of piety by her surviving parent. On a subsequent removal to London she united herself to the religious society under the pastoral care of the late Dr. Samuel Stennett. On her marriage she was received a member of the General Baptist Church at Cranbrook, in communion with which she continued a constant and active member for the

space of forty-six years. The interment took place on Sunday, the 29th, in the burial-ground of that society, in the presence of a large company who deeply lamented the loss of an excellent friend and useful member of society. An address on the occasion was delivered by her eldest Son. A funeral sermon was preached at the request of the members, by Mr. Saint, the minister of the society, on the following Sunday, from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

ADDRESS.

Another week has brought some of us, my friends, once more to this spot.* We again surround the grave,—"the house appointed for all living."† But we come not, at this time, to bring the early blossom of innocence to the lap of its Parent; but to bear the matured and ripened sheaf of piety into the garner of the great and good Husbandman.

Permit me to offer a few words on this occasion, even though it might be thought more decorous if some one else had been appointed to address you.

Jesus, the son of Sirach, Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 16, gives this exhortation: "My son, pour forth tears over the dead, and begin to mourn as if thou had suffered great harm thyself; and then cover his body according

* The burial of an infant had taken place on the preceding Sunday. See the Address, p. 172.

† See Job xxx. 23.

to his appointment, and neglect not his burial. Make a grievous lamentation, and be earnest in mourning and use lamentation as he is worthy, and that a day or two, lest thou be evil spoken of: and then comfort thyself for thy heaviness. For of heaviness cometh death, and the heaviness of the heart breaketh the strength. Of the affection of the heart cometh sorrow, and the life of him that is afflicted is according to his heart. Take no heaviness to heart; drive it away and remember the last end. Forget it not, for there is no turning again; thou shalt do him no good, but hurt thyself. Remember his judgment; thine also shall be likewise—unto me yesterday, and unto thee to-day. Seeing the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and comfort thyself again for him when his spirit is departed from him."

Acting on the spirit of this simple and beautiful lesson, purified by the higher instruction of *another* Jesus, we desire to hallow this grave. We would consecrate it with feelings of adoration to the Father of the spirits of all flesh. We would bedew its banks with the tears of affection, while we sanctify the scene with the vision of faith, casting on the cloud of resignation the heart-enlivening rainbow of hope. Wonder not, then, that I should be the organ to express our regret, our esteem, and our hope. Wonder not that it devolves on me to give an eulogium on departed merit. "True praise can flow only from sympathy, for it is sympathy gaining strength by utterance."*

* Dr. Channing.

This is a mother's grave! It is the grave of *my mother!* Her husband with her sons surround it with grateful recollection of her parental affection, her domestic and social usefulness, her serene, unostentatious, and inward piety. "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her."*

Happily, my friends, virtue and piety are not limited by creeds and opinions. "The children of wisdom are the church of the righteous, and their offspring is obedience and love."† Creeds and opinions are of earthly origin—they are the work of man—mutable, fallible, and various. But piety is of celestial origin—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Its creator is God,—through the sanctifying influence of his own holy spirit, breathed from the inspiration of divine revelation, and diffusing through the mind, the affections, the desires, the holy wish—the determined resolution to "be holy, for he is holy." "She is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence that floweth from the glory of the Almighty, therefore can no defiled thing come unto her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light—the undefiled mirror of the majesty of God, and the image of his goodness."‡

The undissembled respect which is paid to the memory of the good, is a tribute paid to virtue itself; an offering presented at the shrine of religion, testifying the excellence and value of that greatest and richest

* Proverbs xxxi. 28.
† Ecclesiasticus iii. 1.
Wisdom vii. 25.

boon of heaven—DIVINE REVELATION, whose precepts form the soul to moral goodness, whose doctrines implant and cherish in the breast the sacred spirit of resignation, and whose promises, like the angel in the garden of Gethsemane, strengthen our confidence in our God under the trials of time, and elevate our hopes to the enjoyments of eternity.

A pious, useful and honourable life is not confined to elevated station; neither is it always marked by splendid or public deeds.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

"The honourable age is not that which is of long time, neither that which is measured by the number of years; but wisdom is the gray hair, and an undefiled life is the old age."* If maternal solicitude and parental kindness; if conjugal fidelity, industry, and carefulness; if neatness, modesty, and benevolence; if sympathy for others' woes and resignation under her own; if charity towards the faith of others, and strict adherence to her own convictions, with a cheerful discharge of what she believed to be her religious duties; "if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise"† in these things, then was her life virtuous and honourable. If these virtues entitle their possessor to the esteem of mankind, such were hers, and for them she was esteemed by all who knew her, whose esteem is worth possessing. Her mortal race is now over. The wheel of human vicissitude will to her revolve no more. She "rests from

* Wisdom iv. 8. † Philippians iv. 8.

her labour," and we confidently hope that her works will follow her. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."*

Man! thou art mortal! is the lesson of the grave. "O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that yet is able to receive meat! O death! how acceptable is thy judgment unto the needful, and unto him whose strength faileth, and that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and unto him that despaireth and hath lost patience! Fear not the judgment of death; remember them that have been before thee, and that come after; this is the ordinance of the Lord over all flesh. And why wouldst thou be against the pleasure of the Most High? Whether it be ten, or an hundred, or a thousand years, there is no defence for life against the grave."†

Man! thou art destined for immortality! is the glorious instruction of the book of life.

"And soon the scene shall roll away,
And soon all earth-born cares shall cease,
And I within the silent clay
Shall rest in peace!

"But not for ever shall the tomb
Triumphant boast his power and might,
For God shall call me hence, to reign
In endless light!"

* Proverbs xxxi. 30. † Ecclesiasticus xli. 1.

Happy is the man who properly estimates his mortal condition, who lives in this life for a life to come, and makes the thoughts of futurity augment the enjoyments of the present! However anxiously scepticism may desire to banish from the mind of its votaries the thoughts and expectations of a future state, it cannot frustrate the all-glorious designs of the Almighty former of man. "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment."* While daily testimony proves the former of these truths, we have full reason to believe the latter will be confirmed. "One generation is passing away, and another generation is coming; but the earth abideth for ever."† How wise, how benevolent is this arrangement of Him who "created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created"! A constant succession of intelligent beings, the recipients of the bounties of heaven, the objects of its notice and regard, the heirs of its everlasting enjoyments, is made the means of diffusing a greater amount of life, consciousness, and happiness; and we learn to trace, even in the lineaments of death, the power by which "we live and move and have our being."

How consolatory to reflect that God is ever with us! from the cradle to the coffin, from our birth-day to our death, in our nightly slumbers, and in the sleep of the grave! "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in the

* Heb ix. 27. † Ecclesiastes i. 4.

grave, behold thou art there !"* This must dispel the horrors of the tomb. Its inmates are still in the tabernacle of our God; in the little chamber of our heavenly Father's mansion, where disease and pain and mortality receive their final, their perfect cure; where this corruptible shall be changed into incorruption, and this frail, feeble, and changeable, frame be transformed by his mighty power into a glorious and imperishable body.

To God there is no death. We lived *with him* when "the morning stars sang together;"† *with him* all the members of our frame existed, "when as yet there were none of them."‡ He sees the end from the beginning. "He who quickeneth the dead, calleth things that be not, as though they were;"§ and even in the silent grave we are alive unto him. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto him."‖ "One day is with him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;"¶ and to his all-seeing eye, death with the sleeping tenants of the grave, is but as the dream of the morning before the rising sun. "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."**

To the dead there is no death. To them there is no consciousness. To them there is no time. That moment

* Psalm cxxxix. 6.
† Psalm cxxxix. 16.
‖ Luke xx. 38.
** Psalm xc. 4.
† Job xxxviii. 7.
§ Rom. iv. 17.
¶ 2 Pet. iii. 8.

which closes our mortal being introduces us to an eternal world to receive "according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or bad." How awful! How consoling! Let the ungodly tremble; let the upright rejoice.

The glorious doctrine of the resurrection is full of the highest consolation and best of hopes. We rise, like Moses, to the mountain's top, and survey the land of promise. We grasp the chain which unites the grave with heaven, and death with endless existence, and exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"* We raise the eye of faith to him who, by his bright example of fortitude and resignation, and by his triumphant exaltation to glory, honour, and immortality, shines as the sun of righteousness with healing in his beams over the valley of the shadow of death and human woes. We hear him exclaim by the tongue of Revelation, "I am He who liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death."† We realize the holy vision of the tabernacle of God, when "God shall dwell with men, when he shall wipe away all tears from the eyes, when there shall be no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor death." ‡

Let us comfort one another with these glorious views; for "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God

* 1 Cor. xv. 55. † Rev. i. 18.
‡ Rev. xxi. 3, 4.

bring with him."* Let us feel the truth, the value, the dignity, and the influence, of these holy doctrines as the only means of preparing for futurity. Let us not deceive ourselves with any imaginary removal to some distant heaven as the seat of happiness; but remember, that the holy Jerusalem will descend from God to earth,† that they only "who do his commandments can enter through the gates into the city"—that it is in vain we hope for felicity in the next age of the series of the dispensations of our God, unless our new creation be effected in this;‡ and that eternal life, by the knowledge "of the only true God, and Jesus the Anointed as his messenger," must be commenced before time shall terminate our present mode of being. §

Let me close this Address with a few words to the youthful friends of the religious society with which the deceased stood connected.

My young friends, my mother was an ornament to your church; and I most sincerely wish that the discharge of your duties may be as sincere as was her performance of hers. I wish you may realize enjoyment in the discharge of them as she realized it. I wish your preparation for the next state of being may be equal to her preparation. But these wishes are with myself. It must be your exertion, your self-examination, your assiduous application, that must carry them into effect.

* 1 Thess. iv. 14. † Rev. xxi. 2. ‡ Rev. xxii. 14.
§ 2 Cor. v. 17; Eph. iv. 23, 24; John vi. 54, x. 53, xvii. 3.

If the seed-time of youth be neglected, the harvest of age must necessarily be barren. It is only by the cultivation of moral and pious principles, that you can hope to possess those religious graces, those estimable and honourable excellences of heart and life, which entitle their possessor to the esteem of man and the approval of God. If you admired her character, strive to imitate it. If you esteemed her, shew your esteem by supplying her place. You will see her no more among you.

But above all imperfect models, (for such are all our earthly friends, however worthy,) carry with you the bright, the spotless excellence of Jesus the Lamb of God. Carry your views beyond mere creeds and modes of worship to that great sacrifice which God has given "for the sins of the whole world."* There let your faith rest—there let your hope be founded. There is "the new and living way," which leadeth to glory and to virtue. He ever lives to make intercession for his saints.† He has given us an example that we may follow his steps. "Let us, then, run with perseverance the race which is set before us, looking unto him, the captain and perfecter of the faith."‡ And may our spirits unite in holy sympathy with his spirit, that our prayers may arise with his, as sacred incense before the throne of divine mercy, §

* 1 John ii. 2. † Heb. vii. 25. ‡ Heb. xii. 1.
§ Rev. viii. 4, v. 8; Psalm cxli. 2.

so that God may, in his infinite benignity and love, give us the high enjoyment of experiencing, that "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." *

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING.

How delightful to feel, when Zephyrs are floating,
The soft balmy influence which flows from their wing—
The prelude of Flora's rich banquet denoting,
And welcoming in the return of the Spring!

How delightful to ramble through glentworth and glade,
Enjoying the odours of Spring's dewy morn;
When nature is smiling, all in beauty array'd,
With the garb of true loveliness earth to adorn!

How delightful when wild flowers shed fragrance around,
The woodbine so sweet, and the black-thorn so bright,
While the shrubs all apparell'd with verdure abound,
To enjoy the calm dawning—Aurora's mild light!

How delightful the song, to the listening ear,
And the heart-cheering sounds of the sweet warblers' notes
Which ring through the valley—that echoes the cheer
Of the anthem of joy which their pleasure denotes!

* Isaiah xxxii. 17.

How delightful to sip at the mineral stream—
All pellucid and pure in its e'er-flowing rill—
While the sun sheds abroad his enlivening beam,
O'er the copse and the meadow—the vale and the hill!

How delightful, while rambling, to pour out the voice,
In those accents of harmony cheerfulness sings;
To raise the fond lay, as our souls do rejoice
In the beauties that Nature abundantly brings!

How delightful to meditate deeply, and feel
Inspired by the hope which such influence can raise;
In full gladness exulting, from Nature's appeal
To our senses—our thoughts—our duty—our praise!

CLARISSA;

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In Clifton's sweet and ever-flowering vale,
Where nodding pines wave to the breath of heaven—
Where purling streams, with softest melody,
Meandering flow—where the rich harvest
Crowns the lab'ror's toil, and gilds Autumnal scenes
With richest tints—a stately mansion stands.

There fair Clarissa drew her infant breath,
Beneath her parents' tender care; each year
Added fresh graces to the lovely child,

While her expanding mind grew with her years;
Her sparkling eyes spake forth her lively thought,
Which never could remain inert, supine,—
But ever active, soar'd from earth to heaven;
Pried into Nature's beauties, and thence drew
Food of celestial kind. Her form more fair
Than stamps the common mould; nor once by pride
Or affectation's baneful arts deformed.
Who saw, admired—who knew, admired her more.
Her parents prized the glory of their days.
In her were centred all their joys and cares;
And Hope appear'd to promise through their life
A bounteous harvest for parental toil.

Near to the spot where loved Clarissa dwelt
Young Bevil lived, the pride of Clifton's vale;
Generous as rich, and rich as wish would be.
His noble soul, by manly virtues fired,
Diffused a dignity o'er all his frame—
A dignity remote from scornful pride;
And boasted consequence, or slavish fear,
With heedless eye he view'd, nor could he prize
The pastimes which or vice or fashion ruled,
Time to beguile and passion to inflame.
He was no slave to melancholy gloom,
But the true friend of cheerfulness and joy
Which wisdom dictates and which virtue loves.

With fair Clarissa would he wander oft
Where the tall pines their aged branches threw,

And form'd the shady grove—where the soft thrush
Pour'd out his notes of melody, and call'd
Each feather'd songster in the hymn to join;
Or where the murmuring stream flow'd gently on,
While in its lucid waves the glittering trout
Sported with pleasure—rippling with delight;
Or on the flowery lawn most cheerly trip
In sportive dance—harmonious to the sound
Of Shepherd's pipe; or in sweet concert join,
And fill the vale with sweetest sounds of joy;
Or o'er the pages of the poet's lays,
Or the bright gems by genius brought to light,
Or the rich treasures science does unfold,
Or ancient lore and history's ample scroll,
Would oft converse—and pass the rolling hours
In high enjoyment of the mind's repast!

Thus each increased the other's happiness;
Thus, mutual love was kindled in their hearts;
And mutual vows of true fidelity,
At length, were stamp'd by custom's sacred seal.

Now met to celebrate the nuptial day,
(Joy in each eye and gladness in each soul,)
Gay cheerfulness sat smiling on her throne,
And all did bow her willing subjects there.
Her sceptre banish'd sorrow from the scene:
The sparkling glass—the song of merriment—
The tale of laughter, and the cheerful dance—
Made the swift hours pass merrily. When, lo!

In the gay bride's enraptured breast arose
A frolic thought of unsuspected harm,
Fatal as is the murderer's horrid deed!

Forth from the mirthful scene eager she flew,
While beams of joyous triumph and delight
Darted with vivid rays from her bright eyes,
Only to leave the joyful scene all drear!
The topmost stair within the house she gain'd,
On whose dim landing-place, but seldom trod,
Stood a large cedar chest which former days
Had highly prized—the choicest plate and cash
Within the case were placed—while locks with springs
Required the hand and strength of strongest man
To burst, without the key;—now placed aside,
Unused, except for accidental things,
The chest remain'd.

To cause surprise and search,
At her departure, was Clarissa's scheme:
Into the chest she leaps and shuts the lid!
Ah! little dreamt she of the sad result!

Wonder now seized the thought of all to know
Where was Clarissa—Bevil's beauteous bride!
Clarissa! echoes through the mansion thrill;
In vain they call, no answer can they gain—
The strong enclosure all her cries conceals!
The rooms they search; but yet no bride is found!
Horror and sore dismay seize every soul;

Pleasure and mirth are banish'd from the place;
While raving madness enters and devours
Each hope of future joy—wild distraction throws
Her venom'd dart, piercing *his* tortured heart,
Who has so lately claim'd a high delight;
Till nature can no more the anguish bear,
And Bevil falls a victim to her pain.
Severe regret the tender sire consumes,
And the fond mother lives at length to view
The horrid scene which now her eyes awaits!

Some cause, unknown, requires her to remove
The firm retainer of Clarissa's corse;
Some secret influence leads her now to ope
The sad destroyer of her peace and joy;
And soon to see a sight—a ghastly sight—
That chills life's current, finishing her woe!
She lifts the lid, and lo! the wither'd form
Of pale Clarissa strikes her startled glance!
Her heart-strings burst—and death relieves her pains.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE,

On seeing a most beautiful pencilling by a Lady.

Scene—a spreading tree—a grave-stone under its foliage—a female of about 12 years of age leaning on her elder brother, (who enfolds her in his arm,) and leading a younger by the hand.

Ah! 'tis a Mother's grave! The cypress bows
With undulating movement o'er the soil,
In which remain the perish'd germs of vows
Maternal, and affection's dearest smiles.

See yonder stands Memento's stone, uprear'd
To mark the spot and to record her name;
It tells the heart--with brightest hope full cheer'd—
More than can do the warrior's pillar'd fame.

O! 'tis not round that ever-cherish'd stone,
That millions crouch or flattery comes to fawn:
'Tis weeping nature—sorrow's heart-felt moan—
And pure affection that its face adorn.

Mark the fond youth! Observe his pensive eye!
His tender clasp of deep fraternal love!
See how he tries to quell the rising sigh,
Bursting from heart as gentle as the dove!

As o'er the spot the purest feelings rise,
In sad remembrance of the e'er-gone past,
Pouring to Heaven the holy sacrifice
Of ardent grief—of filial joy o'er-cast!

And see the little child, so kindly led
By tender sympathy and watchful care,
O'er the green sod with softest step to tread,
And offer up the silent infant prayer!

Can such a sight—can such a holy thought—
As pictured forth this all-affecting scene,
Be view'd without the soul-stirr'd thrilling—caught
From heav'n-born sympathy—deep, pure, serene?

O when I cease to feel the glow
Which anguish kindles in the mind,
May life's warm current cease to flow,
And let me mingle with my kind.

A FAREWELL,

Recited oy Miss Brook, at the closing of her Theatre for the season, at Cranbrook.

No longer, kind Patrons, your favours await us—
From your friendly town we must hasten away;
Yet your smiles and your praise shall not cease to elate us;
We'll think of those smiles on a far distant day.

Though our drama is closed, and the curtain is falling,
Our gratitude still shall be cherish'd within;
And, amid other scenes, your kind plaudits recalling,
Shall prompt us new favours and praises to win.

As, when Spring blossoms forth, the swallow returning
Again seeks the spot of its former delights;
So, if Friendship shall aid us, and life's lamp be burning,
We hope to renew the fair scenes of to-night

Then, again, shall your presence receive our exertion
To please and delight, and merit your praise;
While, like the bright steel, giving edge to the falchion,
It shall heighten our wit and our cheerfulness raise.

But if the grand scene of changeful life closes,
Ere again the bright sun shall with Leo engage,—
If the angel of death his dread summons disposes,
And warn us our exit to make from life's stage,—

Be the lot of us all to review, with composure,
The part each has acted in life's comic play;
Well prepared to await the tragic disclosure,
When Fiction must yield to Reality's sway!

MAXIMS, ETC.,

Intended to assist Parents in the Education of their Children; selected from various Authors and other sources.

ON VIRTUE AND RELIGION.

To render virtue and religion the objects of love and delight, and vice the object of disapprobation and abhorrence, is the intent of moral education; wherein are included the subjection of the passions, the direction of the affections, and the cultivation of the faculties.

1. Let the first associations with religion be accompanied with cheerful and pleasant impressions.

2. In inculcating pious and religious principles and affections, seek occasion, as if incidentally, to admire different objects, and express your admiration and love of their Author as though it was not intended expressly for the child.

3. Preserve children from the knowledge of every vice or folly which has not yet entered their minds, and to which they are not exposed by the circumstances in which they are placed.

4. If children admire any truly good traits in your character, tell them that they result from obeying the precepts and imitating the conduct of the wisest and best of men; and that, when they are old enough and good enough, you will permit them to read the history of his life, his sufferings, his death, and his reward.

ON THE FEELINGS, AFFECTIONS, AND DESIRES.

1. Above all things obtain and preserve the love and entire confidence of the child.

2. Be careful to distinguish between a system of kindness and indulgence.

3. Study well the temper, capacity, and dispositions, of children, and apply your mode of instruction accordingly.

4. Study the motives from which improper actions proceed, and correct the cause rather than the effect.

5. Habits are not to be instantaneously conquered by reason.

6. Be careful to give a proper direction to the desires and aversions of children, by paying constant attention to the early associations which they form.

7. Prevent all improper antipathies, if possible; or counteract them by destroying the associations which produced them.

8. Let good impressions be cherished by repetition and uniformity on every favourable occasion.

9. Prevent as much as possible the introduction of both terror and timidity.

10. Closely observe the impressions which new objects make on the mind of a child.

11. Do not invent trials of temper and feeling.

12. Embrace the opportunity when children have received a favour, of enforcing benevolence and gratitude.

13. Suffer not the idea of pleasure to be associated with the indulgence of self-will.

14. Never praise beauty, nor entertaining and witty expressions; it creates vanity: but teach children to admire and love beauty in all its forms, animate or inanimate, organized or unorganized.

15. Associate correct ideas with such terms as beautiful, pretty, useful, good, &c.

16. Direct inquisitiveness rather than discourage it.

17. The reason why? should always be required when children express preference or aversion.

18. Do not tantalize children by presenting objects to them which they must not examine.

19. Discountenance the idea of merit with and on account of family, birth, opulence, or particular advantages; and instil the necessity of real worth to ensure approbation and esteem.

20. Teach children to avoid all unnecessary complaints.

21. Avoid partiality while you give merit its due praise.

22. Do not pamper the appetite of children, nor *intreat* them to do what you wish them to do.

ON MIND, MANNERS, EMPLOYMENT, AND AMUSEMENT.

1. In cultivating the understanding, be careful not to destroy what has been done in the cultivation of the heart.

2. Let the reasoning powers of infancy be confined to objects of sense.

3. Parents should pay due attention to their expressions of disapprobation and contempt.

4. Let not children give until they know the value of the gift.

5. Teach children never to injure any thing, except it be for the inspection of its formation—never to take what has not been given to them, and therefore, is not considered to be their own—to replace every thing where it is usually deposited.

6. Study simplicity in dress, diet, and toys, and make them subservient to the improvement of the understanding and the cultivation of the inquisitive faculty.

7. Avoid or restrain mimickry and ridicule, except for beneficial purposes; and guard against low and vulgar expressions.

8. Do not tire children with long speeches or lessons, and never force them to read what is irksome.

9. Use words which convey clear, distinct ideas.

10. Cherish the power of recollection, rather than burthen the retentive faculty.

11. Make no foolish promises,—they disappoint.

12. Wherever danger occurs, or is liable to occur, explain the nature of it and the consequences, in a plain and intelligible manner.

13. Teach children that there must be an adequate cause for every effect.

14. Never enter into disputes on the management of children, in their presence or hearing.

15. Make no false excuses to a child on his asking a question; avoid the reply if an answer be improper, by telling him, that he cannot yet understand the subject, but, when he is older, he shall be informed.

16. When a reason is given by a parent for his conduct, let it be the true, and also an adequate one, for children readily perceive an attempt at deception.

17. Athletic games should be encouraged; but point out any probable consequences of inattention.

18. Do not thwart children when their minds are engaged on some pursuit, unless it be decidedly improper. Let them accomplish their object, then point out ill-spent time and fruitless labour; or add, by recommendation, new energy to inquiry and research.

ON LAWS, OBEDIENCE, AND PUNISHMENTS.

1. Let your laws be few, plain, and obviously just.

2. Command only what a child can do or parents ought to compel him to do; but let every law be duly regarded, and the violation of it properly punished.

3. Let first commands be such that children will find pleasure in obeying them.

4. Never command any thing trifling or unreasonable.

5. Let the obedience required be proportioned to the reason and capabilities of the child.

6. Associate the idea of safety and happiness with obedience.

7. When reason can be employed never use force.

8. Do not allure nor frighten children to obedience, and never let them use terms of command.

9. Enforce a child to do as he is commanded; and if, hesitating, he asks, "why must I do so?" give the reason.

10. Teach your child, that to say, "I have done

wrong," is only saying, "I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday."

11. If you suspect a child of falsehood, do not press him to confess, unless you can substantiate your suspicion by fact.

12. It is better to pass over a fault of which you have not full evidence, than to seek for an extorted confession.

13. Distinguish between obstinacy and firmness, generosity and vanity.

14. Let children feel the natural consequences of their own conduct.

15. "Provoke not your children to anger," lest they be discouraged.

16. Never punish in anger, nor from caprice.

17. Let the awarded punishment of a crime be distinctly known before the action is done.

18. Never commute nor omit a punishment threatened, without assigning a sufficient reason for passing it over.

19. Punishments which are unintelligible, produce no good effect; but are attributed by the child to the passion or caprice of the parents.

20. Punishment should be uniformly associated with the crime or the fault, which it is necessary to correct.

21. Punishment and reproach together, is double punishment,—therefore improper as well as unjust.

22. Show no anger when a child makes a voluntary confession of his fault, and manifests sincere contrition; but make the ingenuousness a reason for forgiveness.

23. If confession arise from thoughtless frankness, quietly point out the evil and the consequences of the action so acknowledged to have been done.

24. There is no fault so great but ought freely to be forgiven upon a full, penitent, and frank confession.

25. Do not influence a child either by promise of reward to himself, or a threat of punishment to another: the reward may lead him to speak what he thinks will please the parent; and the threat, if he have any generous feeling, may induce him to tell an untruth in order to save the punishment of the other.

26. Mark not too rigorously small deviations from exact truth, while children misconceive the meaning of words and sentences; but be careful to explain the mistake.

These Aphorisms are submitted with deference: for many the author alone is responsible; but he hopes that few of them will be questioned.

ON PARTIALITY IN PARENTS.

Parental affection is a feeling which is natural, reasonable, and necessary. It exists amongst inferior animals as well as in man, and displays the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. The divine Author and Giver of life has implanted in his animate creation this general attachment of the parent to its offspring, for the most salutary purposes. In his irrational creation, we behold

its utility when we observe the assiduity of the feathered tribe to feed and defend their young; or view the cheerful compliance of the herds of the field and stall, in yielding nourishment from their own bodies for the support of their little ones.

In man, the most perfect of the Creator's work, it is equally requisite and equally useful. What would bind the parent to the attention which his offspring requires, were this attachment unfelt? What would helpless infancy, and feeble childhood, and inexperienced youth, be able to do without parental care, protection, and advice?

But while the child reaps benefit from this feeling in the parent's bosom, the parent participates in its salutary influence. It mitigates or lessens the burden imposed upon him by duty, or what would have been a burden becomes a pleasure. It soothes the pains of fatigue; it supports the mind under the trials of patience; it softens the hardship of labour; and, under every arduous task, prompts to exertion, and makes the happiness of the offspring a portion of his own.

There are instances in which this feeling is violated, and cases in which it is abused. Like every other feeling and passion of our nature, it requires the fostering and guiding hand of religion to bring it to perfection and hold it in rectitude. The violation of it is not frequent—for the voice of the many (to the honour of nature and religion) is raised against the hard-hearted father, and the neglectfully cruel mother who forsakes the fruit of her own womb.

It is abused by partiality; by which is meant, an extreme fondness displayed towards one child, beyond what is manifested towards the others. This partiality manifests itself in various ways, (not deserving perhaps of equal censure,) while the principle is still the same—improper and injurious. The darling object may be treated with greater lenity than the rest in cases of disobedience—its faults excused or palliated—its punishments neglected or lightened. This is one way in which partiality is shown. Or, it may be, the child is indulged with favours which are withheld from the others, like Joseph's "coat of many colours;" or it may be spoken of in terms of high encomium, while the others are passed over in silence, although equally deserving. Different methods may display the partiality of the parent, while the impropriety of the principle remains the same.

There must be some cause to produce this partiality; let us say Beauty, Disposition, Circumstances, for example. By beauty, as regards the human frame, is meant that symmetry of form and countenance, which appears to us more pleasing than deformity. Undoubtedly, the more perfect, uniform, and graceful, the formation of a human being is in its structure and expression, the more pleasure will the sight afford; but then that beauty depends solely on our ideas, conceptions, and taste, which are the effects of our situation, climate, and training. The sable countenance of the Ethiopian is equally beautiful with the ruddy complexion of the European, or the graceful form and elegant shape of the

Circassian, if some of our fellow-creatures be the judges. And why should that be deemed worthy of parental fondness, which we call beauty, when there is no more *worth* than exists in the tints of the rainbow or the plumage of the peacock? Such a ground for partiality is unworthy in a parent—because virtue, and not external form, should be the basis of approbation and love.

Partiality may arise from the disposition of the child. Some children are generally meek, contented, dutiful; others may be passionate, discontented, perverse. The former may be particularly beloved, the latter less esteemed and regarded; but is it consistent with a parent's duty to select the former as his favourite, and to neglect the latter? If these varied dispositions are natural, an equal attention ought to be paid to each, and due allowance and indulgence, with proper correction, directed to the perverse; while less encomium is paid to that which is solely the effect of constitution, without the influence of principle. If these are the dictates of the mind—if a child is dutiful from a sense of duty, the attachment ceases to be partiality, and becomes an act of justice to deserving merit; and, as such, should be signified to the disobedient.

Circumstances may occasion partiality. "Israel loved Joseph, *because* he was the son of his old age." We frequently find that an eldest or youngest child is treated with a fondness and attention beyond what is bestowed on the other children. Wherein is the justice —the proper exercise of paternal affection—in such cases? Sometimes sex alone is the ground of this pre-

ference. In a family where there is only one boy, or one girl, amongst the children, such exception from the rest is distinguished in a particular manner. The reasonableness of this partiality it may be somewhat difficult to discover; for, most assuredly, it borders on folly—since excellence is not confined to either sex. The circumstance of deformity or of affliction in a child, may create a kind of partial regard in the parent. This is sometimes the case when long sickness has required the utmost attention and constant care, or when bodily or constitutional defect renders a child helpless, and makes him stand in need of peculiar regard; but this ought not to be called partiality,—because sympathy and compassion, pity and duty, are the characteristics of such conduct. If relief or recovery be effected, and the display of extreme fondness continue, there is a danger of the feeling taking hold.

To these, as the only ground, singly considered, or conjointly with other circumstances, may be attributed partiality; but whatever inducements may lead to this feeling, its manifestation is generally an abuse of parental obligation. That which is morally right is an incumbent duty—that which is improper is at variance with our duty. If the impropriety of parental partiality can be pointed out, such partiality is a violation of a parent's duty.

Look at the claims of the offspring and the bad effects of the feeling referred to. All children stand on an equal footing, as regards their relationship to their parents. They are "bone of their bone and flesh of

their flesh" alike. The duty of parents is to love their children "without partiality and without hypocrisy." Each has an equal claim on affection and attention, on the ground of common derivation. Every child requires care; and, independent of affliction, is entitled to an equal share at its parent's hand. But if one darling object monopolize the affections, that monopoly will lead to the neglect of the others. Every child is equally with the other a creature of God, and a charge committed in trust to the parents—and, therefore, has an equal title to the blessings bestowed by Heaven, and must be guarded and educated as a sacred deposit. It chose not its own parents or station in life; it brought not itself into being; it selected not its peculiar organization, or its features, and countenance, and gait: its times were appointed by its Former and Fashioner, and the bounds of its habitation fixed by Him. Under these circumstances, it lays claim to the exercise of parental duty in its various modifications and due discharge. These claims rise superior to a parent's whim, caprice, or fancy—being founded on nature and religion, and form an appeal to parental duty and parental feeling.

The injurious tendency of the partiality may perhaps more forcibly display itself by some illustration. It creates the notion of self-importance, and gives rise to conceit, as though the favourite were superior to the others; and it leads him to consider them as his tools and slaves, whom he may treat with contempt and teaze at his pleasure. It produces an inclination to watch the actions of the rest in order to depreciate their

character; to detect their errors, not with a view of correcting them, but to find fault and keep up the disregard and want of affection in the heart of the deluded parent. Of this conduct Joseph appears to have been guilty. This failing may be attributed rather to parental error, than to a voluntary violation of his generally noble and superior virtue.

In those who are discarded or less looked upon, the tendency is injurious. Envy, that destructive passion to peace of mind, is almost a certain consequence. To see one partake largely of every indulgence and pleasure —enjoying the unbounded fondness of the parent— finding a palliation for his every error, and an excuse made for neglect of unpleasant duties—while they are subject to hardships, and denied an equal share in the favours and kindness of their parents,—must lead those who are thus treated, to be envious of the favourite's lot.

Ill-will follows this pernicious feeling, which breaks in sunder the bands of fraternal love, overturns the quietude of the whole family, and involves it in strifes, quarrels, and distress. Where is the heart that does not feel—where is the mind that does not acknowledge —the misery of that family where feuds and animosities prevail,—where hatred rankles in the breasts of its members,— where anger sits sullen on the brow,— where reviling and evil speaking, pollute the lip and defile the tongue? Instead of being the abode of happiness, it becomes the cavern of hellish misery. Comfort and joy, peace and love, fly from its noisome damps and pestilential gloom.

The tale of Joseph unfolds a still greater evil—a crime of the deepest guilt—a conspiracy scarcely free from the stains of murder—most disgracefully marked with inhumanity—polluted with an insult on paternal feeling, and sealed with a lie!

The parent also frequently feels the pernicious consequences of this conduct. The pampered child becomes a tyrant over its doting parents. When unable to exercise his unrestrained caprice over his brethren, he turns his domineering fury towards them whose indulgence gave it birth. What must be the feelings of a parent in such a case, but a bitter sense of his own folly and imprudence, regret and disappointed hope?

Suppose he escape this misery by the death of his favourite,—what extreme sorrow is the consequence! His very heart is torn from him; his joy, his hope, his glory, all are blasted! His other children can give no comfort, nor mitigate his grief: like Jacob, he refuses to be comforted: his remaining days are embittered with soul-distracting reflections.

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